

Locke

BRODERICK'S
MEDLEY,
OR, A COMPLEAT
COLLECTION OF SONGS,

WITH
Musical, Comical and Tragical SCENES,
Together with a Number of Original
PROLOGUES and EPILOGUES,

Some of which never appeared in PRINT.

Calculated for the General ENTERTAINMENT
of his respectable BRETHREN, the

MASONS,
BUCKS,
LOYAL KNIGHTS,
ALBIONS,
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ANTIGALLICANS,

CELTE-BARIANS,
GREGORIANS,
PURPLES,
LUNARIANS,
CAMBRIANS,
TRUE-BRITONS,

And the PUBLICK in GENERAL.

In the Course of this WORK will be given

The IRISH WEDDING,

And a Favourite INTERLUDE, called
TEAGUE'S RAMBLE TO LONDON,

As it was performed at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket.

Written and compiled by BROTHER BRODERICK,
No. 5, BALL-ALLEY, LOMBARD-STREET.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the EDITOR; and Sold No. 17, two Doors
from ALDERMAN-BURY, LONDON-WALL.

M. F. L. E. Y.
B R O D E R I C K
COLLECTOR OF SONGS



Prologues and Epilogues
Togo for which a Number of Original

Some of which were printed in 1817
Calculated for the General Instruction
of his respectable Brethren in the

MASSONS
OF THE
ROYAL KNIGHTS
OF THE
FUTURE
ANTICIPATIONS
And the P.B.L. in General

The 1st W.D.D.N.G.
And the 1st W.D.D.N.G.
TEAGUE, LAMBE TO LONDON

And the 1st W.D.D.N.G.
And the 1st W.D.D.N.G.
And the 1st W.D.D.N.G.

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BRODERICK'S MEDLEY.

THE FOREST OF SHERWOOD.
ROBINHOOD, SCARLET, and LITTLEJOHN, discovered
shooting in the forest.

ROBINHOOD.

A I R.

AS blyth as the linnet sings in the greenwood,
So blyth we'll wake the morn,
And thro' the wide forest, of merry Sherwood,
We'll wind the bugle horn.

The Sheriff attempts to take hold Robinhood,
Bold Robin disdains for to fly,
Come on when he will, in merry Sherwood,
We'll vanquish boys or die.

Our arrows shall drink of the fallow deer's blood,
We'll hunt them all over the plain,
And thro' the fair forest of merry Sherwood,
No shaft shall fly in vain.

Brave Scarlet and John, who were never subdu'd,
Give each his hand so bold;
We'll reign thro' the forest of merry Sherwood,
What say my hearts of gold?

B

JOHN

JOHN.

My noble master we'll your word obey,
And just as you command will fight or play.

SCARLET.

Bold Robinhood, permit me to demand,
What boy was that, who on your fallow land,
With you was talking? Deep he seem'd in woe,
Nor wore the forest green, nor held a bow.

ROBINHOOD.

He loves Clarinda, and the beauteous maid,
Has with her heart, his honest suit repaid;
She pines in vain, for lost to generous views,
Her cruel father does her choice refuse;
Merit was ne'er o'erlook'd by Robinhood,
And to relieve the youth, I'll risk my blood:
But see how heavily Leander comes.

Enter LEANDER.

A I R.

To the pines on the mountains,
I murmur her name,
To the grotto's and fountains,
I witness my flame!
Clarinda I sigh!
Clarinda I cry!

The echoes to mock me, Clarinda reply's!

ROBINHOOD.

Take courage, youth, I've sworn to be your friend,
And will, tho' death oppose, your cause defend,
Disguis'd, this day, to Nottingham I'll go,
There Graspass seek, no more you yet must know.

Fare-

Farewell, I haste to do the generous deed,
And fortune whispers that I shall succeed.

First. A I R repeated

Assisted by love, and by bold Robinhood,
Take heart and never despair,
For Robin will soon to the merry Sherwood,
Bring home your lovely fair.

Exeunt.

TEAGUE's Ramble to LONDON.

As it was performed at the Theatre-Royal, in the Hay-Market.

Enter CAPTAIN and TERENCE.

CAPT. SINGS. I am all the way a dying,
For Captain Obrien in the county of Kerry
Oh! you'll be all glad,
When I'm very sad,
Oh! then come let's be merry.

And so Terence you tell me that Patrick Megloogenty keeps a gun.

TER. O yes, fait, Sir, a very long gun too.

CAPT. Oh! he, monomondoul, if ever I go back to Ireland, and catch any of those Spalpeen brats keeping of a gun to destroy the gentlemens recreation, but I'll have them shot stone dead, and then whip'd through the regiment after.

TER. O dear Sir, you mean you'll have them whip'd first, and then shot after.

CAP. Arra, what magnifies that, is not whipping and shooting the same thing in the end; but you will be a

wise-acre for all your cunning. Monomondoul, there is not one of them who has got a little cabin a top of a mountain, but will be keeping a gun, and in particular that d---n'd old cabage darry, Mr. Glogerty ; fait he is an old poacher, for he kills all the rabbits in our country a purpose to fill his boroughs with.

TER. Pray Sir what was your business in coming to London ?

CAP. Fait you must know that the Spaniards has taken Falkland island from our countrymen the English, and drove them down the dry shand of the sea, up to their necks in water : but if my little Irish troop once gets among them, fait and tought we will cut them all to pieces, and then bring them prisoners of war.

TER. Upon my word, Sir, you come on a very honourable expedition.

CAPT. Arrah, Terrence, don't you think that he'll have a fore time that came after us to Bellshanedaft ?

TER. Why so, Sir ?

CAPT. Oho ! don't you remember that we left an empty hoghead half full of axes there ?

TER. Sir, I ask your pardon ; you may have left it half full, but it is empty by this time.---But pray, Sir, what sort of a passage had you coming over ?

CAPT. Passage, do you call it, music fait, the devil take the passage from me. Why, you must know that I agreed with one captain Ofagan, to take me over to England on board his ship, so accordingly, he hired at the sign of the Flying-Horse, and Green-Man, a baiting the Green Bull, upon George's Quay, by four o'clock in the morning ; to be sur, it was as fine a morning as ever

ever I saw in my life, considering there was a great storm and rained very hard, so my cousin and I came, but I was put in a little boat, and took me down to Poolpey, and there put me on board the Race-Horse; but I believe it was the devil's own Race-Horse, for I was no sooner got down to the room of the ship, at the bottom of the hill of Hoath, but I was taken with a violent head-ach in my stomach, that I thought I must have died on the floor of the ship, with that I called to the landlord, captain, I believe they called him, to stop the ship; upon my conscience, he did not heed any more to my calling, than if I was one of the Spalpeens who was in the bottom or cellar of the ship, that was going over to make harvest; with that I call'd, and run up to the second floor: Oh my dear, devil a word I tell ye, there was not a blanket or sheet in the whole place, but was in one minute hauled up to the top of the house; with that, one of the sailors cryed out, a lake, a lake, but I turning nimbly about, for fait I thought I was got in my father's garden, but och my dear, the devil a lake or an onion could I find; and to my comfort another cry'd, push the ship ashore, but fait I thought I was pushing myself a shore; harkee, captain, says I, if the ship should sink in the middle of the sea, and you don't get me another to carry me over, the devil a crawn kien will I give, for sure I will be going by dry land, if I am up to my neck in water.

TER. A very virtuous resolution indeed.

CAP. Harkee, Terence, do you know Blowbladder-Street?

TER. Yes, that I do.

B. 3.

CAP.

CAP. Well then, go there and enquire for Mr. Tradewell, at the Acorn-branch; Oh that's not it, arra, go next door to that, and ask next door to that again, which house my cousin Tradewell lives at, next door to it.

TER. By godslid I shall never find it out; but pray Sir, how is the old gentleman, your father? I hope he's well.

CAP. O yes, fait, for he has been dead these ten years past.

TER. That Gentleman who used to come to your house, that tall, genteel, comely, likely, stout man.

CAP. I know who you mean, it is my sister's husband you are talking about, ha! ha! ha! Oh! yes, to be sure, he's a fine strait, comely, tall, young man, sure enough, for he has d---n'd large nose, a hump on his back, a large pair of huckle backs on his shins, if ye call that comely! ha! ha! ha!

TER. Pray, Sir, how is that joking gentleman, that used to make us laugh so?

CAP. Oh! to be sure I don't know who you mean; fait and I do, to be sure its not Sheely Shacheney's husband, the parson: fait and tought, I'll tell you a story about him; the other day, as we go to dine with father Feeneen, about a mile and a half on this side of Clankelty, at the other side of Ballanglane, for as we were walking on towards Balleploreen, it was as fine a day, considering it rained very hard, and blew in our faces a going; so we spent the evening very joyous, and coming home at night, the wind was in our backs; upon my conscience, the wind is turn'd, says I, at that he began to
stare

stare at me, the wind turn'd, says he! the wind turn'd says I! sure, if the wind was in our face going, and in our back coming, in course the wind's chang'd; no, if I was to preach till next St. Patricks day, I could not dissuade him from the contrary. Oh! Mr. Parson, said I, before miss Owenglanochan, miss Shavanyscarly, miss Noorundooney, and little widow of Calavam, and a great number of ladies that were in company, you have no more sense than a goose; at that he was struck dumb, he had not a single word in his mouth.

TER. Sure the man had not common sense.

CAP. I told him so.

TER. Pray Sir does the old church stand where it did?

CAP. Church! church! murphemoreen, said I, don't remember a church within ten miles of us.

TER. I'm sure there is something like a church, or a castle, or a---

CAP. Oh! sure I know what you mean, said; you mean old lame hurly mill, sure the devil a church is that, only indeed they mass in it sometimes for conveniency--- but Terence, how do you like my coat?

TER. Like it, Sir, why said it is very handsome.

CAP. Monomondoul, I think it is, but the son of a whore of a Taylor has made the sleeve so long, he has left no room to take it in; well, I can't blame him, for I was not by when he took measure of me.

TER. Upon my word, Sir, I think it fits you like a shirt.

CAP. Terence, take this six pence halfpenny, and go buy me a pair of gloves.

Ter.

TER. Six pence halfpenny ! lord, lord, Sir, I have been all about, and cannot get a pair under two shillings.

CAP. Two tirteens for a pair of gloves, Oh ! monomondoul, but my hands shall go barefooted all the days of their lives sure, before I'd give two tirteens for one pair of gloves ; well, come along, my master will excuse them.

TER. But Sir, you promised me that two part song.

CAP. Fait and trought I'd sing it with all my heart, but we have not the third person, but we'll leave that to providence, and the expectation of war, for war will send extraordinary gazettes, and then we'll have news-carriers enough to join us in chorus.

S O N G.

T E R E N C E.

God blefs you dear Teady, you're welcome to London,
Pray what news have you brought from the county
Kildare ;

C A P T A I N.

By my conscience dear Johnny, no strange news, but
what's common,

What news have you got about this Spanish war ?

Sing tol der roll.

T E R E N C E.

By my soul, coufin Teady, the Spaniards are for fighting
And swear that in Ireland their troops they will land,
With boasting and braging they boldly do treaten,
The tower of London to take sword in hand.

C A P.

C A P T A I N.

Come hither, dear Teady, to the sign of the Draper,
 Untill I do give you one pitcher of booze ;
 Harkee, young man, come here with the paper,
 Have you got are a packet to-day in the news.

N E W S M A N.

Oh, yes, fait, here is death in one hand, and no mercy
 in the other

Bloody news ! bloody news ! an exprefs from Whitehall

C A P T A I N.

By my conscience, cousin Johnny, the Spaniards are
 for fighting

For the fellow cries out we'll be pres'd to fight all.

T E R E N C E.

No, no, cousin Teady, the word you've mistaken,
 For the fellow cries out, an exprefs from Whitehall,

C A P T A I N.

By my conscience, my jewel, I though him in earnest,
 When first I heard him mention Whitehall.

But if the Spaniards intend to invade us,
 And near to my own ridg of potatoes will come,
 By my soul, with my flail, their bones I'll be thrashing,
 Ev'ry yard from my carrack, till I drive e'm back again.

T E R E N C E.

Tush, silence, pray captain, no more of that language,
 Take care how you speak, there's a hole in the house,
 By my soul, my dear Johnny, as I am a stranger,
 I'll warrant you'll be as mute as a mouse.

There's Thurlough and Yeaman, and Roody and Dermott
 When they hear of this news, start crazy will run ;
 And

And there's Patrick O Feling I'll wager a shilling,
He will be start mad about Phelin his son.

C A P T A I N.

Oh ! the devil make matters, let the fight wrangles,
Come let us drink first, and see what is there,
Is there ever a word about my cousin Daniel ?
Last Easter was twelvemonth he list in Kildare.

By my soul, cousin Johnny, he was a stout fellow,
Give him but a lump of shelaly in his hand,
With a pint of good north country whisky in his belly,
The devil a five Spaniards before him could stand.

T E R E N C E.

And now to conclude, and let us be merry,
And drink success to our own country,
Come fetch us a quart of noble stout onion,
By my conscience I think it's not bad company.
Let them fight, wrangle and rail, myself will be quiet,
And wish every man to have his own right,
Here's success to old Ireland, with long peace and plenty.
With three meals a day, and a supper at night.

THE REGISTER - OFFICE.

Enter GULWELL, and PATRICK O'CARROL.

IRISH. Arrah, my dear jewel, I am come to see whether you have got commiseration enough in your bowels, for a poor distress'd Irishman, to get him a plaish.

GUL. What sort of a place are you fit for ?

IRISH. Upon my shalvashon, joy, dy'e see, I am fit for any plaish alive ! I have strength and boneesh enough
in

In this carcaish of mine, to do all the work in the world.

GUL. Have you ever been in service ?

IRISH. In Shervish ! no to be sure I have not !---Yes, by St. Patrick, ever since after I was so big as a Potatoc.

GUL. With whom did you last live ?

IRISH. With Squire Maclachlen, of Killybegs.

GUL. Killybegs ! where the duce is that ?

IRISH. Why, where the devil should it be, but in Ireland, my dear honey ?

GUL. But what part of Ireland ?---what province ?--what county ?

IRISH. It is in the province of Donegal, in the county of Ulster---It is an inland sea-port town, where they catch the best pickled herrings in all England---By my fet, he was the best man of a maishter between Derry and Youghall. Arra ! I shall never live so well with with nobody else, unless I go back to live with him again.

GUL. As he was so good a master, how came you to leave him ?

IRISH. Leave him, joy, because he wanted to make a bug and a fool of me. When I went to go to plough and harrow, he would insist on my yoking the dear creatures, the mulesh, by the necks, instead of the tailsh.

GUL. The tails ! why is that the Irish custom in ploughing ?

IRISH. Ay, upon my conscience, it is, joy ! and the best cushtom that ever was born in the World. I'll give you a reason for it, honey. You know when the trashes is fastened to the tail, all the rest of the body is free

free ; and when all the carcass but the tail goes along the tail must follow of course. Besides, honey, all the world knows, the strength of every human creatures lies in the tail. Arra, he wanted to bodder me with his damn'd English tricks, but the devil burn me, if honest Paddy would not have left twenty places, if he had been in them all at once, sooner than be put out of the way of his country.

GUL. You are certainly in the right ; I commend your spirit. But pray how have you liv'd since you came to London ?

IRISH. Liv'd, Honey ! as a great many lives in London ; nobody knows how. By my foul, I have only pick'd up five thirteens, for these four weeks and a half.

GUL. A special raw-bon'd fellow, this ; he will do for America ; I must send word to my nephew Trappum. Would you like to go abroad, Friend ?

IRISH. Ay, my dear honey ; any where in England, or in Scotland ; but I do not like, dye see, to live out of my native kingdom.

GUL. Oh ! It's only a very short voyage, a little round the Land's-End. A gentleman hath taken a very considerable farm in the West ; and if I could prevail on him to hire you, you would have the sole management of it, 'twould be the making of you. You can write, I suppose ?

IRISH. Yes, upon my conscience, that I can very well. My mark, honey, that's all. But that's nothing, my dear, I could get any body to write, if they did but know how.

GUL.

GUL. That's true---well, I shall see the gentleman this evening, and have a little close talk with him about you.

IRISH. Upon my shoul, the most shivilest person dye fee, that ever I met with since I was an Irishman.

[Aside.

GUL. Where do you lodge, friend?

IRISH. Ay the harp and spinning-wheel, in Farthing Fields, Wapping; in a room of my own, which I hire at nine-pence a week.

GUL. Your name?

IRISH. Patrick O Carrol.

GUL. O'Carrol! give me your hand---we must be Cousins---my great grandmother was an O'Carrol.

IRISH. Was she by St. Patrick? then we must be Cousins sure enough!---where was she born?

GUL. At what do you call the place, where squire O'Carrol lives?

IRISH. What provost O'Carrol?

GUL. Ay, the provost

IRISH. Oh! you're a soft lad! you don't know it was Ballistanny?

GUL. Right, that is the very place!---well cousin, I should like to be better acquainted with you.

IRISH. And so should poor paddy, by my fet---you cannot conceive how my heart dances in the inside of my bowels, to see a relashon in this part of the world, where I expected to see no body at all;---do honey, put your head here to feel---fet, joy, it beats, and beats, and beats, and jumps about my belly, like a

C

brustled

brushed pea upon a red hot fire-shovel---arra! I knew you to be better than half an Irishman, by your shivility to strangers

GUL. Ay, I wish I were wholly so! but it was my misfortune to be born in England.

IRISH. Upon my Conscience that was almost poor paddy's misfortune too! I was begot in England, but as good luck would have it, I went over to Ireland to be born.

GUL. Well, cousin, if you will call on me to-morrow morning, I hope I shall be able to give you joy of your place.

IRISH. I shall my dear cousin---arra! now if I was but my father, who has been dead these seven years, I should be making a song of you for this shivility.

GUL. Your father? what was he?

IRISH. A true Irish poet, my dear; he could neither read nor write---but fet, honey, he wrote many an excellent new song---I have one of his upon Moggie Maclachlen, a young virgin in Sligo, who he fell in love with, after she had two love-begots at one time, to one squire Conaonnon.

GUL. I should be glad to see it, if you have it on you.

IRISH. O yes, my dear creature, I always carry it upon me---it is in my head honey; you shall see it in a minute, if you will give me leave to sing it.

GUL. With all my heart, cousin.

IRISH. The Devil have me now, honey, if I can think of the right tune, because it never had any tune at all:---however it will go to Lary Groghan.

GUL. By all means let's have it.

IRISHMAN.

IRISHMAN sings.

My sweet pretty Mogg, you're as soft a Bog,
 And as wild as a kitten, as wild as a kitten :
 Those eyes in your face---(O pity my case)
 Poor Paddy hath smitten, poor Paddy hath smitten,
 Far softer than silk, and as fair as new milk
 Your lilly white hand is, your lilly white hand is ;
 Your shape's like a pail, from your head to your tail,
 You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.
 Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
 As black as the devil, as black as the devil ;
 Your breath is as sweet as any potatoe,
 Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville,
 When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a goddess,
 So nimble, so frisky, so nimble, so frisky !
 A kiss on your cheek, 'tis so soft and so sleek)
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like
 whisky.

I grunt and I pine, and sob like a fivine,
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel :
 No rest I can take, and asleep or awake,
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.
 Your hate then give over, nor paddy, your lover,
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle ;
 Or paddy must die, like a pig in a sty,
 Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.

Your waist is so taper, it would make a man caper.
 Your step is so nimble and stately, and stately,
 When ever you walk, or when ever you talk,
 Poor paddy admires you so greatly, so greatly,

Awake or asleep in my mind you still keep,
Salt tears from my eyes are still shedding,
Oh! then smile on me soon, like a frosty full moon,
That I may not long for the wedding.

GUL. I thank you very kindly; it is a most admirable song---well, you will be here at nine to-morrow?

IRISH. You may be certain of my coming my dear cousin.

GUL. But hark you---be sure not to mention a word of this affair to any person whatsoever---I would not have it get wind, least any body else should be applying to the gentleman.

IRISH. Oh! let paddy alone for that, my dear creature, I am too cunning to mention it to noby, but my mine nown shelf---well, your servant, my dear cousin.

[Exit singing.]

The PORTMANTEAU FISH.

Enter DEMOMES.

I am now glad with all my heart, that I should help those poor girls. I am their protector at present; and troth, they're both young and wondrous pretty; but my jealous, prying wife watches me on all sides, for fear I should be too sweet upon them.---But I wonder what's become of our man Gripus, who went out a fishing last night; faith, he'd have been wiser had he kept his bed; certainly he must have lost his labour and his tackle too, the wind has been so high ever since, by the roughness of the sea, I may venture to fry all his fish in my bare hand

hand---but hold, my wife calls me to dinner; I'll go, but I shall have my ears deafened with her foolish prattle.

Exit Demones.

Enter GRIPUS from among the Cliffs at the further end of the stage, with a portmanteau, nets, &c.

Thanks to my old friend Neptune, king of the salt-fish regions, for sending me home so well accoutered from his dominion, and thus richly laden, and for preserving the little boat that helpt me to this lucky new sort of fish. When the sea run so high, 'twas a wonderful, strange bout, and the best that could be, for the dee'l a fish caught I to-day, but what's in this net. I arose carefully at midnight, preferred interest to snoring and sleeping; hazarded my carcase in a storm, to relieve my master's wants, and my own servitude: a lazy rogue is good for nothing; I hate those cattle as I do the plague; if a fellow has a mind to have his business go forward, he must be up and be doing, and not lie loling in bed for his masters call, for such as these get nothing but a jerking---now I who am careful, have happened on that which if I please may keep me from all care. This I found in the sea what'ere is in it, 'tis plaguy weighty, faith; I believe 'tis all gold, and what's worth all, ne'er a soul to come in for a snack. Now my dear Gripus is the critical minute, for the magistrates to make a great man. Now for my policy and contrivance; I'll go cunningly to my master and offer him a little money for my freedom; after I've got that, I'll immediately purchase house and land, and buy slaves: then send out large ships to trade to foreign parts of the

world, and be as great as a king; I'll have a Royal Sun like the king of France, and sail about from port to port. When my nobility and splendor begins to shine in the World, I'll build a vast great city, and call it after my own name, Gripſburgh, to the memory of my illustrious family, and immortal actions; and there will I erect a great monarchy; faith I've great designs in my head! but first and foremost, let me hide this portmanteau.--- After all, this monarch here must dine to-day on a brown george, and only salt and vinegar for sauce.

[He moves forward.

Enter TRACHALIO from the cliffs just behind him.

TRA. Stay, friend,

GRI. What for?

TRA. Only to unshackle your ropes that hangs at your feet.

GRI. Prithee, friend let it alone.

TRA. Faith I must help you, for a good turn is never thrown away upon a good man.

GRI. I tell thee, fellow, I have no fish, for there has been nothing but stormy weather since yesterday, therefore don't expect any, you see I have a wet net and nothing in it.

TRA. I want no fish, only a little serious discourse.

GRI. Puh! I hate such baiting impertinence, who are you?

[Going off.

TAR. [holding him] I must not part with you so; stay, man.

GRI.

GRI. I'll break your neck---why a pox do you hold me ?

TRA. Hear me a little.

GRI. Not a word.

TRA. Faith, but you must.

GRI. Another time as long as you please.

TRA. Oh ! but 'tis business of great importance, and must not be put off.

GRI. Speak then, what is it ?

TRA. But does nobody dog us ?

GRI. What's that to me ?

TRA. Oh ! much---can ye advise me in one point ?

GRI. What point ? prithee be quick.

TRA. I'll tell thee, upon promise of not betraying me.

GRI. I promise I won't betray thee, who ever you are.

TRA. Observe then ! I have lately discovered a theft, and know the owner of the stolen goods ; thereupon I goes strait to Mr. Thief, and offers him this proposa ; I know the owner of the stolen goods, and if you'll give me a share, I'll never discover it to him ; the fellow gave me no answer. Now what think you, don't I deserve half part ? I'll be judged by you.

GRI. Aye, faith, and more too, or I'd discover the rogue to the owner.

TRA. I'll follow your advice. Now take notice, this all belongs to your case.

GRI. Why, how can that be ?

TRA

TRA. I have known the owner of that portmanteau for a long time.

GRI. What say ye ?

TRA. And I know how it was lost.

GRI. And I know how it was found, and the honest man that found it, who now is become master of it ; in good faith 'tis nothing to you to know the present owner of it, as I do, nor to me to know the former as you do---I'll part with it to no man, therefore don't flatter yourself.

TRA. What ! not to the owner, if he comes ?

GRI. There's no owner but myself ; I say don't fool yourself, for I caught it a fishing.

TRA. Did ye so.

GRI. And is there any fish that don't belong to me ; all that I take are my own, and I do what I please with 'em ; no man pretending to take them away, or come in for a share ; I'll sell them in open market as my own proper goods, for sure the sea is common to all men.

TRA. I grant it, and why should not I come in for a share, since it comes out of a common place.

GRI. O impudence ! impudence ! if that be law, poor fishermen may go hang themselves, for when they carry their fish to market, the devil a bit would the people buy, but all come flocking for their shares, pretending they were caught in the common liberty.

TRA. No, by Jove, if you catch a bag instead of a fish.

GRI. A fine foolosopher ?

TRA. Good Mr. Sorcerer, did you ever know a man carry a fish to market called a portmanteau, you must not think

think to carry on as many trades as you please; you would not be bag-maker and fishmonger too, would you? either shew me a fish called a portmanteau, or carry nothing off without scales, and that is not bred in the sea.

GRI. Prithee, fellow, didst never hear of portmanteau fish?

TRA. You dog, there's no such fish.

GRI. Gad zooks, but there is tho' and you'll give a fisherman leave to know his own trade: I confess 'tis a very scarce fish, and very few of them are caught on our coast.

TRA. You had as good say nothing; dost think to impose upon one, rogue?---What colour is it of, pray?

GRI. There are very few of this colour: others are red, when they grow big they grow black and blue.

TRA. Very well, faith, if you ha'nt a care, I shall change you to a portmanteau fish, make your sides red first, and then black and blue.

GRI. What unlucky rogue have I happen'd on to-day.

TRA. We stand wrangleing and losing time, consider to whom you'll put business.

GRI. To the portmanteau.

TRA. Say you so, good fool.

GRI. 'Tis good, by Sir Solomon

TRA. [Holding him] You must not go off so, without putting it into the third man's hand, and leaving it to another determination.

GRI. Prithee, art mad?

TRA. As a march hare.

GRI.

GRI. And I crazy, but not enough, to part with my goods.

TRA. Speak another word, and I'll make mustard of thy brains.

GRI. Let me alone, or I'll squeeze out all the blood in your belly like a sponge. If you touch it, I'll take you by the heels, and dash you as dead as a herring,--- Come, I'll fight ye.

TRA. Hang fighting, now we may divide the spoil.

GRI. You'll get nothing but a broken head here, therefore don't provoke me---now I'll begone.

TRA. [Holding the lines] I shall make your ship tack about, therefore stay.

GRI. If you be at the head, I'll keep at the steerage--- let go the lines, rogue.

TRA. Shall I so do, let go the portmanteau.

GRI. By George, you shan't be a fouse the better for what's in it.

TRA. Your denial argues nothing, unless you give me a share; put it to reference, or into another person's hands.

GRI. What I caught at sea.

TRA. And I found at land.

GRI. At the price of my trouble, pains and boat.

TRA. If the owner comes, should I who see you take it, be counted a less thief than you?

GRI. No, without doubt.

TRA. Stay, hang-dog---by what law must I be the thief and not the sharer? make that out.

GRI. I don't understand your city laws, not I, but only I know it belongs to me.

TRA.

TRA. And I know it belongs as much to me.

GRI. Hold a little I have found out a trick to prevent your being either thief or sharer.

TRA. What's that?

GRI. Let me go quietly one way, and go you another, you shall say nothing and I'll be silent, you shall be secret and I'll say nothing; I think 'tis the best way in the world, hah, boy!

TRA. Will you make me no proposals?

GRI. I have already, those are; to let go the lines and be gone, and leave all impertinences.

TRA. Stay, and let me make proposals too.

GRI. Prithce, make the best of thy way, and be gone.

TRA. Are you acquainted with any body hereabouts?

GRI. With my neighbours, I am.

TRA. Whereabouts live ye?

GRI. Oh a vast way in the fields.

TRA. Will you put the business to the man of this house?

GRI. Let go the rope a little, and I'll think and consider of it?

TRA. Well then?

GRI. [walking by himself,] Good; things go rarely! this rich prize is every bit my own, the foolish fellow carries me to my own dunghill, and refers all to my own master, I'll be sworn he'll never give three-half-pence from his own servant; this poor devil sure knows not what he's about, (to him) well, I'll put it to reference.

TRA.

TRA. What should you do else?

GRI. Though my conscience tells me 'tis my right,
I'd rather do so than give myself the trouble of beating you.

TRA. Now I like ye.

GRI. Though you summons me before an unknown judge, if he does justice, he's a notable tho' unknown man; if not, he's a most notable tho' unknowing man.

The JOVIAL CREW.

SCENE a Room in OLDRENT's House.

Enter OLDRENT's and HEARTY.

OLD. It has indeed much afflicted me.

HEAR. And very justly too, let me tell you, Sir;
to give ear and faith too (by your leave) to fortune-tellers, wizards, and gypsies!

OLD. I have since been frightned with it in a thousand dreams.

HEART. I would go drunk a thousand times to bed rather than dream of any of their riddle-my, riddle-meries.

A I R.

To day never let us be slaves.

Nor the fate of to-morrow enquire;

Old wizards and gypsies are knaves

And the devil, we know, is a liar.

Then drink of a bumper while you may,

We'll laugh and jwe'll sing, tho' our hairs are grey,

He's a tool and an ass,

That will baulk a full glass,

For fear of another day.

OLD.

OLD. Wou'd I had your heart:

HEART. Thank you, Sir.

OLD. I mean the like.

HEART. I wou'd you had, and I such an estate as yours; four thousand pounds a year, with such a heart as mine, would defy fortune and all her babling sooth-fayers.

OLD. Come. I'll strive to think no more on't,

HEART. Will you ride forth for the air then and be merry?

OLD. Your council and example may instruct me.

HEART. Sack must be had too in sundry places, for songs I'm provided.

A I R.

In Nottinghamshire,

Let 'em boast of their beer,

With a hey down, down, and a down,

I sing in praise of good sack.

Old sack and old sherry,

Will make our hearts merry,

Without e'er a rag to our back.

Then cast away care,

Bid adieu to despair,

With a down, down, down, and a down.

Like fools, our own sorrows we make.

In spite of dull thinking,

While sack we are drinking,

Our hearts are too busy to ach.

Enter SPRINGLOVE with books, papers, and a bunch of keys, and lays them on a table.

D

OLD.

OLD. Yet here comes one brings me a second fear,
who has my care next to my children.'

HEART. Your steward, Sir, it seems, has business
with you, I wish you would have none with him.

OLD. But I'll soon dispatch it, and then be for our
journey instantly.

HEART. I'll wait your coming down, sir.

OLD. But why Springlove, is now this expedition?

HEART. Sir, 'tis duty.

OLD. Not common among stewards, I confess, to urge
their accounts before the day their lords have limited.

SPRING. Sir, your indulgence, I hope, shall ne'er
corrupt me, here, Sir, is the ballance of the several
accounts, which shews you the remains in cash, which-
added to your former bank makes up in all.--

OLD. Twelve thousand and odd pounds.

SPRING. Here are the keys of all, the chests are safe
in your own closet.

OLD. Why in my closet! is not yours as safe?

SPRING. O, Sir, you know my suit.

OLD. Your suit!--what suit?

SPRING. Touching the time o'the year.

OLD. 'Tis well nigh May, why what of that Spring-
love?

SPRING. Oh, Sir, you hear I'm call'd. [bird sings.]

OLD. Are there delights in beggary? or if to take
diversity of air be such a solace, travel the kingdom
over, and if this yeild not variety enough, try farther,
provided your deportment be genteel, take horse, and
man,

man, and money, you have all; or I'll allow you enough.

SPRING, Oh how confounded! dear, Sir, return me naked to the world, rather than lay those burthens on me which will stifle me; I must abroad or perish---here I leave you, Sir---

OLD. I leave you to dispute it with yourself; I have no voice to bid you go or stay.

SPRING. I am confounded in my obligations to this good man.

Enter RANDAL and three or four servants, with baskets,
the servants go off.

Now fellows what's the news from whence you came?

RAND. The old wonted news from your guest house the old barn; they have all pray'd for you, and our master, as the manner is, from the teeth outwards; marry, from the teeth inwards, 'tis enough to swallow your alms, from whence, I think, their prayers seldom come.

SPRING. Thou'rt old Randal still, ever grumbling, but still officious for em.

RAND. Yes hang 'em, they know I love them well enough, I have had bouts with some of em.

A I R.

And he that will not merry merry be

With a pretty lass in bed,

I wish he were laid in our church-yard,

With a tomb-stone at his head.

He if he could, to be merry there,

And we too merry merry here,

For who does know where we shall go,

To be merry another year,

Brave boys, to be merry another year.

SPRING. Well, honest Randal; thus it is---I am for a journey, I know not how long will be my absence, but I will presently take orders with the cook and butler for my wonted allowance to the poor, and I will leave money with them to manage the affair till my return.

RAND. Then up rise Randal, bailiff of the beggars.

[Exeunt.

BEGGAR's OPERA.

PEACHUM, sitting at a table with a large book of accounts before him.

A I R. An old woman clothed in grey,
Through all the employments of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother;
Whore and rogue, they call husband and wife,
All professions be-rogue one another;
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine,
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

A lawyer is an honest employment, so is mine; like me too, he acts in a double capacity, both for rogues and against 'em; for 'tis but right that we should protect and encourage cheats, since we live by them.

FILCH. Sir, Black Moll, hath sent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

PEACH. Why, she may plead her belly at worst, to my knowledge she has taken care of that security; but

as

as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her; I'll soften the evidence.

FILCH. Tom Gagg, Sir, is found guilty.

PEACH. A lazy dog; when I took him before, I told him what he would come to if he did not mend his hand, that is death without reprieve; I may venture to book him (writes) for Tom Gagg, forty pound, let Sly know I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

FILCH. Betty hath brought more goods into our lock to year, than any five of the gang; and in truth, 'tis pity to lose so good a customer.

PEACH. If none of the gang take her off, she may in the common course of trade, live a twelvemonth at least, I love to let a woman escape, a good sportsman always lets the hen patridges fly, because the game depends upon them; besides, here the law allows us no reward; there is no good to be got by the death of a woman, except our wives.

FILCH. Without dispute, she is a fine woman; 'twas to her I was obliged to for my education, and, to say a bold word, she has trained up more young fellows than the gaming table.

PEACH. Truly, Filch, thy observations are right, we and the surgeons are more beholden to women, than all professions besides.

AIR II. The bonny grey ey'd morn, &c.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,

By her we first are taught the wheedling arts,

Her very eyes can cheat, when most she's kind,

She tricks us of our money, with our hearts;

For her like wolves, by night we roam for prey,
 And practice ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms,
 For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,
 And beauty must be fee'd into our arms.

PEACH. But make haste to Newgate, boy, and let
 my friends know what I intend, for I love, to make them
 easy, one way or other.

FILCH. When a gentleman is kept long in suspense,
 penitence may break his spirit ever after. Besides, cer-
 tainty gives a man a good air upon trial, and makes him
 resist another without fear or scruple; but I'll away, for
 'tis a pleasure to be the messenger of comfort to friends
 in affliction. [Exeunt..

A B U R L E S Q U E.

Enter PUFF in fetters.

Ay, strut and bounce, your power to boast,
 I know full well, you rule the roast,
 But I unaw'd by frowns, or worse,
 Must yet complain, nay still will curse,
 Who am in all enjoyments cross'd,
 My love betray'd, my honour lost,
 Thus shackled, and in woful state,
 Oh! ruthless king! Oh! cruel fate!

CONST. Hold, Sir, nor dare exclaim so fast,
 Or by my power, you rave your last.
 My royal master does ordain,
 His office here that I sustain;
 So while the ruling rod I hold,
 Presumption, Sir, shall be controul'd.

Puff

PUFF. You was my friend.

CONST. You'd then a place,

Who looks on courtiers in disgrace?

PUFF. How I have suffered day and night,

With heavy accent I recite,

What fears I've felt, what evils fac'd,

Add after all, to be disgrac'd,

How many embassies I've made,

And bully'd, brag'd, bought and betray'd,

What sieges form'd, what towns have ta'en,

What battles fought, what numbers slain,

And ah! what dangers oft have run,

With horror I remember one!

O dreadful night! O scene of woe!

Surpriz'd, assaulted by the foe,

Awak'd, as near the mischief drew,

I fled! tho' whither, scarce I knew.

A I R

Thro' thick and thin, thro' pain and dirt,

No breeches, and not half a shirt,

The people crying, look, look there,

O bless us! all behind is bare.

CONST. Hah! what reproach the king and me;

Your error, Sir, you soon shall see:

A guard [enter soldiers] confine that rebel strait,

'Till I and Pipping fix his fate.

A I R

PUFF. Fate here is most welcome, since honour is cross'd,

To die now I am ready, now beauty is lost,

Kind

Kind Charon conduct me to a happier shore,
Where honour and love may disturb me no more.
[Exit guarded.]

Manet: Constable solus.

CONST. This act, I think, was rightly done,
My office thus I've well begun,
For what's authority and sway,
If people dare to disobey.

A. I. R.

So Jack in an office is not such a joke,
When it's in his power to strike a bold stroke,
Then such while I am, let me merrily sing,
That Jack in his Office, as great as a king.

Exit.

L Y C I D A S.

LYCIDAS, and train of Shepherds for the Chace.
Symphony of Horns, while they salute.

L Y C I D A S.

Inviting nature seems this day to share,
In all our pleasure; since a morn so fair,
She ushers on us---haste away, my friends,
Since health and pleasure all our toil attends.

A. I. R.

Hence, luxury, with all thy train,
Of dire disease and aching pain,
Sloth and ease, and sluggard sleep,
Who in his warm bed likes to keep,

Who

Who hate to see the blushing morn,
 Or be disturb'd with winding horn;
 But blooming health, the rustic's pride,
 With youthful vigour by his side,
 Come and join the merry crew,
 We'll brush away the morning dew;
 Here let the wretched too repair,
 We'll teach him to outstrip his care.

CHORUS of HUNTERS.

Haste away, join our merry crew,
 We'll brush away the morning dew;
 And let the wretch no more despair,
 We'll teach him to outstrip his care.

A I R.

The nimble, buxom, bounding doe,
 Shunning man, her deadliest foe,
 Flies swift to cover, from her fears,
 But soon the hot pursuit she hears,
 Then to the hills and dales she hies,
 We follow follow faster than she flies;
 The birds are hush'd, the herds from far,
 In silent wonder view the war!
 To woodlands once again she bends,
 Our chorus all the welkin rends;
 Men, horns and hounds, sweet melody,
 Echo prolongs the harmony.

CHO.

CHORUS of HUNTERS.

Haste, and join our merry crew,
We'll brush away the morning dew,
And let the wretch no more despair,
We'll teach him to outstrip his care.

A different Measure, or Recitative accompanied.

The chase new vigour will inspire,
Inspire our hearts with active fire,
And when the trumpet calls to arms,
This spirit still each bosom warms,
The foe respects our hardy race,
Inur'd to war-fare by the chase.

C H O R U S,

The foe respects our hardy race,
Inur'd to warfare by the chase.

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

Enter HAWTHORN singing.

There was a jolly miller
Liv'd on the river Dee,
And thus from morn till night he sung,
No lark so blyth as he :
And this the burden of his song,
For ever used to be,
I care for nobody, not I
If nobody cares for me.

Halloo ! avau, avau, what all abroad, what all a gading.

JUSTICE.

JUSTICE WOODCOCK. Heres' a noise ! here's a racket ! odds my life ! William, Robert, Hodge, odds my life ! the fellows are all dead. Hah ! master Hawthorn, are you there ?

HAW. Am I here ! yes, and had you been where I was three hours ago, you'd find the good effect of it by this time. But you've got the London unwholsome way of laying in bed of a morning ; there's the gout for you ; why I have not been in bed five minutes after sun-rise, for these thirty years, and am generally up before it, and I never took a dose of physic but once in my life, and that was in compliment to a young cousin of mine, an apothecary, who was just set up in business.

WOOD. Ah ! you're a sportsman.

HAW. So would you too ; be advis'd by me, be a sportsman ; there's nothing like it, I would not exchange the satisfaction I feel, while I am beating these little lawns and thickets about my farm, for all your entertainments and pageantry in Christendom.

WOOD. You are scape-grace rattle-cap.

HAW. Odsflesh ! don't tell me ; I say young fellows, will be young fellows, though we preach till we are hoarse again.

A I R.

Let gay ones and great,
Make the most of their fate,
From pleasure to pleasure they run ;
I care not a jot,
I envy them not,
So I have my dog and my gun.

For

For exercise air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded, and light;
The blisses we find,
Not a sting leaves behind,
But health and diversion unite.

[Exeunt.]

The EARL of WARWICK.

ACT III, SCENE II.

Enter EDWARD.

Horrible thought!--good Suffolk, for a while
I would be private---therefore wait without;
Let me have no intruders, above all
Keep Warwick from my sight---

Enter WARWICK.

WAR. Behold him here;
No welcome guest it seems, unless I ask
My lord of Suffolk's leave---there was a time
When Warwick wanted not his aid to gain
Admission here.

EDW. There was a time perhaps,
When Warwick, more desir'd and more---deserv'd it.

WAR. Never; I have been a foolish faithful slave;
All my best years, the morning of my life,
Hath been devoted to your service; what
What are now the fruits? disgrace and infamy;
My spotless name which never yet the breath
Of calumny had tainted, made the mock

For

For foreign fools to carp at: but 'tis fit
Who trust in princes, should be thus rewarded.

EDW. I thought, my lord, I had full well repaid
Your services with honours, wealth and pow'r
Unlimited; thy all-directing hand
Guided in secret every latent wheel
Of government, and mov'd the whole machine:
Warwick was all in all, and powerless Edward
Stood like a cypher in the great account.

WAR. Who gave that cypher worth, and seated thee
On England's throne? thy undistinguish'd name
Had rotted in the dust, from whence it sprang,
And mouldered in oblivion, had not Warwick
Dug from the sordid mine the useless ore,
And stamp'd it with a diadem. Thou know'st,
This wretched country, doom'd, perhaps like Rome,
To fall by its own self destroying hand,
Tost for so many years in the rough sea
Of civil discord, but for me had perish'd.
In that distressful hour, I seiz'd the helm,
Bade the rough waves subside in peace, and steer'd
Your shatter'd vessel safe into harbour.
You may despise, perhaps that useful aid,
Which you no longer want; but know, proud youth,
He who forgets a friend, deserves a foe.

EDW. Know too, reproach for benefits receiv'd
Pays every debt, and cancels obligation.

WAR. Why, that indeed is frugal honesty,
A thrifty saving knowledge, when the debt
Grows burthensome, and cannot be discharged,
A sponge will wipe out all, and cost you nothing.

E

EDW.

EDW. When you have counted o'er the numerous train
 Of mighty gifts your bounty lavish'd on me,
 You may remember next the injuries,
 Which I have done you; let me know 'em all,
 And I will make you ample satisfaction.

WAR. Thou can'st not; thou hast robb'd me of a
 It is not in thy pow'r to restore: [jewel,

I was the first, shall future annals say,
 That broke the sacred bond of public trust
 And mutual confidence; ambassadors
 In after times, mere instruments, perhaps,
 Of venal statesmen, shall recal my name,
 To witness, that they want not an example,
 And plead my guilt, to sanctify their own.

Amidst the herd of mercenary slaves
 That haunt your court; could none be found but War-
 To be the shameless herald of a lye. [wick

EDW. And wouldst thou turn the vile reproach on me?
 If I have broke my faith, and stain'd the name
 Of England, thank thy own pernicious counsels
 That urged me to it, and extorted from me,
 A cold consent to what my heart abhor'd.

WAR. I have been abus'd, insulted, and betray'd;
 My injured honor cries aloud for vengeance:
 Her wounds will never close!

EDW. Those gusts of passion,
 Will but inflame them; if I have been right
 Inform'd, my lord, besides those dangerous scars
 Of bleeding honor, you have other wounds,
 As dee tho' not so fatal: such perhaps,
 As none but fair Elizabeth can cure.

WAR.

WAR. Elizabeth!

EDW. Nay start not, I have cause

To wonder most: I little thought indeed
When Warwick told me I might learn to love,
He was himself so able to instruct me:

But I've discover'd all.---

WAR.

And so have I;

Too well I know thy breach of friendship there;
Thy fruitless base endeavours to supplant me.

EDW. I scorn it, Sir:---Elizabeth hath charms,
And I have equal leave with you t' admire them;
Nor see I ought so god-like in the form,
So all-commanding in the name of Warwick,
That he alone shou'd revel in the charms
Of beauty, and monopolize perfection.

I knew not of your love.

WAR.

By heav'n, 'tis false!

You knew it all, and meanly took occasion,
Whilst I was busy'd in the noblest office
Your grace thought fit to honor me withall;
To tamper with a weak unguarded woman,
To bribe her passions high, and basely steal
A treasure which your kingdom could not purchase.

EDW. How know you that? but be it as it may,
I had a right, nor will I tamely yield
My claim to happiness, the privilege,
To chuse the part'ner of my throne and bed:
It is a branch of my prerogative.

WAR. Prerogative! what's that? the boast of tyrants,
A borrow'd jewel, gli'ring in the crown

With specious lustre, lent but to betray;
You had it, Sir, and hold it---from the people.

EDW. Therefore do I prize it; I would guard
Their liberties, and they shall strengthen mine;
But when proud faction and her rebel crew
Insult their sov'reign, trample on his laws,
And bid defiance to his pow'r; the people
In justice to themselves, will then defend
His cause, and vindicate the rights they gave.

WAR. Go to your darling people then: for soon
If I mistake not, 'twill be needful; try
Their boasted zeal, and see if one of them
Will dare to lift his arm up in your cause,
If I forbid them.

EDW. It is so, my Lord?
Then mark my words: I've been your slave too long,
And you have rul'd me with a rod of iron;
But henceforth know, proud peer, I am thy master,
And will be so: the king, who delegates
His pow'r to other's hands, but ill deserves
The crown he wears.

WAR. Look well then to your own;
It fits but loosely on your head, for know,
The man who injur'd Warwick never pass'd
Unpunish'd yet.

EDW. Nor he who threatn'd Edward---
You may repent it, Sir,---my guards there---seize
This traitor, and convey him to the tow'r,
There let him learn obedience.

[Guards enter seize Warwick, and
endeavour to disarm him.]

WAR.

WAR.

Slaves, stand off:

If I must yield my sword, I'll give it him
 Whom it so long hath serv'd; there's not a part
 In this old faithful steel, that is not stain'd
 With English blood in grateful Edward's cause;
 Give me my chains, they are the bands of friendship,
 Of the king's friendship, for his sake awhile
 I'll wear them.

EDW. Hence away with him.---

WAR.

'Tis well :--

Exert your pow'r, it may not last you long;
 For know, tho' Edward may forget his friend,
 That England will not---now, Sir, I attend you.

[Exit Warwick.]

EDW. Presumptuous rebel---ha!---who's here

Enter MESSENGER.

MESS.

My liege,

Queen Margaret with the prince her son are fled!
 In a few hours she hopes, for so we learn,
 From those who have pursued her, to be join'd
 By th' Earl of Warwick, in his name it seems
 She has already rais'd three thousand men.

EDW. Warwick in league with her! 'O heav'n, 'tis well.

We've crush'd the serpent ere his poison spread
 Throughout our kingdom---guard the palace gates,
 Keep double watch; summon my troops together:
 Where is my brother Clarence, Buckingham
 And Pembroke? we must check this foul rebellion.

E 3.

Enter:

Enter SUFFOLK.

SUFF. My liege, the duke of Clarence---

EDW. What of him?

SUFF. Hath left the court; this moment I beheld him
In conference deep with Pembroke, who it seems
Is Marg'ret's firmest friend: 'tis whisper'd both
Will join the Queen.

EDW. Well: 'tis no matter; I
Have deeper cause for grief; he cannot feel
A brother's falshood, who has lost a friend,
A friend like Warwick,---Suffolk, thou behold'st me
Betray'd, deserted by the man I lov'd,
Treated with cold disdain by her
Whom I ador'd, forsaken by her brother,
And threaten'd by the subjects I protect,
Oppress'd on every side; but, thou shalt see,
I have a soul superior to misfortunes.
Tho' rebel Clarence wrings my tortur'd heart,
And faithless Warwick braves me, we will yet
Maintain our right--come on my Friend, thou know'st,
Without his boasted aid, I could have gain'd
The crown; without him now I will preserve it.

[Exit

The DISTRESS'D MOTHER.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

ORESTES. Am I awake! where am I! soft, my soul:
Be not too rash.---Was that Hermione?
Why should her anger thunder against me?
Was not that blood shed all by her command?---
I am indeed a most outrageous monster!

A ruffian, murderer, a base assassin !
 And all to please a false, ungrateful woman.
 Henceforward let the laws of nations cease :
 And let the pale that severs right and wrong,
 Things sacred and profane, be broken down ;
 Gods in their temples, kings upon their thrones,
 Are not in safety, while Orestes lives.
 Oh, never more shall my torn mind be heal'd,
 Nor taste the comforts of repose !
 A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,
 And lay strong siege to my distracted soul.

S C E N E V.

ORESTES, PYLADES, attended by Greeks.

PYL. Haste, prince ; let us be gone ; 'tis death to stay.

Andromache reigns queen : She gives the alarm,
 And vows revenge upon the foes of Pyrrhus ;
 The people arm and muster in the streets :
 Our Greeks will not be able long to guard
 The palace gates, and to secure our flight.
 We must be speedy, Sir.

OREST. You may depart.
 My friends---Hermione and I remain---
 Her cruelty has quite undone me!--Go,
 And leave me to myself--I'll find her out.

PYL. Alas, unhappy princess!--She's no more:
 Forget her, Sir, and save yourself with us.

OREST. Hermione no more ; O all ye powers, !

PYL.

PYL. Full of disorder, wildness in her looks,
 With hands expanded, and disheveled hair,
 Breathless and pale, with shrieks she sought the temple;
 In the mid-way she met the corps of Pyrrhus:
 She started at the sight; then, stiff with horror,
 Gaz'd frightfully! Waken'd from the dire amaze,
 She rais'd her eyes to heaven with such a look,
 As spoke her sorrows, and reproach'd the gods:
 Then plung'd a poignard deep within her breast,
 And fell on Pyrrhus, grasping him in death.

OREST. I thank you gods,---I never could expect
 To be so wretched!---you have been industrious
 To finish your decrees; to make Orestes
 A dreadful instance of your power to punish;
 I am singled out to bear the wrath of Heaven.

PYL. You hazard your retreat by these delays.
 The guards will soon beset us. Your complaints
 Are vain, and may be fatal:

OREST. True, my friend:
 And therefore 'twas I thank'd the bounteous gods,
 My fate's accomplish'd.---I shall die content.
 O blow me hence;---blow, winds!

PYL. Let us begone.

OREST. The murder'd lovers wait me---hark, they
 call!

Nay, if your blood still reaks, I'll mingle mine,
 One Tomb will hold us all.

PYL. Alas! I fear
 His ravings will return with his misfortunes.

OREST,

OREST. I am dizzy !---Clouds !---Quite lost in utter darkness !

Guide me, some friendly pilot, through the storm.
I shiver ! Oh ! I freeze---So :---light returns ;
'Tis the grey dawn---See, Pylades ! behold !
I am encompassed with a sea of blood !
The crimson billows !---Oh ! my brain's on fire !

PYL. How is it, Sir ? repose yourself on me.

OREST. Pyrrhus, stand off ! What wouldst thou---
How he glares !

What envious hand has closed thy wounds ?---Have at thee;

It is Hermione that strikes.---Confusion !
She catches Pyrrhus in her arms.---Oh, save me !
How terrible she looks !---She knits her brow !
She frowns me dead : she frowns me into madness !
Where am I ? Who are you ?

PYL. Alas, poor prince !

Help to support him.---How he pants for breath !

OREST. This is most kind, my Pylades---Oh, why,
Why was I born to give thee endless trouble ?

PYL. All will go well : He settles into reason.

OREST. Who talks of reason ? better to have none,
Than not enough.---Run, some one, tell my Greeks,
I will not have them touch the king---Now---Now !
I blaze again !---See there---Look where they come !
A shoal of furies,---How they swarm about me !
My terror---Hide me---Oh their snakey locks !
Hark how they hiss ! see, see their flaming brands
Now they let drive full at me---How they grin,

And,

And shake their iron whips !---my ears !---what yell
And see Hermione !---she sets them on. [ing !

Thrust not your scorpions thus into my bosom !
Oh !---I am stung to death !---dispatch me soon !
There---take my heart, Hermione !---Tear it out !
Disjoint me ! kill me !---Oh my tortur'd soul !

PLY. Kind heaven restore him to his wonted calm !
Oft have I seen him rave : but never thus :
Quite spent ! assist me, friends, to bear him off.
Our time is short ; should his strong rage return
'Twould be beyond our power to force him hence.
Away, my friends !---I hear the portal open. [Exit

A New ENGLISH UPROAR,
The Words adapted (al Burlesquo) to the FAVOURITE
AIRS in the Opera of ARTAXERXES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Miss BRENT and Sig. TENDUCCI.

RECITATIVE.

Instead of a silence---what noise is here ?

Methinks the audience are mighty queer.

TEN. I will away, to quell those mutineers,

Adieu, I'll send a file of musqueteers.

Miss. BR. Yet stay Tenducci---for perhaps

Such force, instead of quelling them,

May make them worse.

DUETTINO.

Dear Aurora prithee stay,

Pray Fitzgiggo let us play,

Or go quietly away,

Think

Think how much we undergo,
Answer in general---yes or no.

Enter Mr. BEARD in a hurry, Recitativo.

Ha! what the devil can they mean by this?
Something is surely very much amiss;
Shall I, shall I, who is your chief commander,
Be hiss'd at thus, by every goose or gander?

A I R by Miss BRENT to Mr. BEARD.

(In infancy our hopes and fears)

To mitigate our hopes and fears,
Submit and please the town,
They'll throw the seats about our ears,
And tear the boxes down.

To the Audience.

To clear him then from this Offence,
The scenes and sconces spare:
Consider but his great expence,
And oh, how small his share!

Grand CHORUS by the PIT.

Yes, or no?---yes, or no.

Recitativo, Mr. BEARD.

I pray now gentlemen but grant this favour,
I always have perform'd my best endeavour,
To please your different taste and disposition,
Nor think me guilty of an imposition.

A I R,

A I R, Mr. BEARD.

(Let not rage thy Bosom firing)

Let not rage this house set fire on,

Pity, though you disapprove,

Sure your hearts are hard as iron,

When an opera cannot move:

See your fav'rite Brent a fainting

See Tenducci stiff appear,

Save each gentle bosom panting,

Dissipate their tender fears.

Cease Fitzgiggo, cease enquiring,

Into managetic arts,

Sit as ye were wont admiring,

How we all perform our parts.

Cease ye bucks to make a riot,

Let no dreadful noise be heard

Prithee let us be at quite,

Nor distress your Johnny Beard.

Recitativo from the Pit.

We'll say no more---say then before you go!

Answer the question---will ye,---yes or no.

Chorus by the whole House.

Yes or no---yes or no

Yes or no---yes or no.

Recitativo, Mr. BEARD.

To say the truth, I'll tell you all together,

It is not in my power to say either,

But this I say, I've got as good a band,

(I flatter me) as any in the land.

Omnes

O M N E S.

Off, off, Sir, at once inform the town,
Or else your house, your pride or price must
down.

Mr. B. There never was an opera before
At common price, and so I'll say no more.
[Exit in a passion,

TEN. Ah, me, Miss Brent, what must we do,

BRENT. I cannot tell, sweet signor, what say you.

AIR, Sig. TENDUCCI.

(If o'er the cruel tyrant love.)

If e'er such cruel trants reign'd,

At Operas before,

Pray what would eunuchs have gain'd,

By bravo and encore?

Forbear to fan this raging flame,

Which Fitzgig did create,

Nor never let your rage supplant,

Or fix theatric fate.

Then cease to tear the boxes down,

And terrify each heart,

For O I find the town inclin'd,

To take Fitzgigo's part.

Recitativo by the upper Gallery.

Begin the dust and let the benches fly,

This treatment, gentlemen, is all my eye.

F

Middle

Middle Gallery.

Why Johnny Beard; Jack Beard, why don't you come?

Begin, begin, 'tis plain 'tis all a hum.

Miss BR. Sig. Tenducci, we had best retire,

TEN. We must, or all the fat will be in the fire.

Miss BR. Hark! the seats and boxes begin to chatter,
The windows jingle, and the sconces clatter;
They come, they come, Fitzgigo leads them on,

Sig, Tenducci let us now begone;

Then haste, ye dancers, fingers do not stay,
And well dress'd fiddlers prithee sneak away.

Chorus by the Pit.

(For a father he lost, when he murder'd the king)

Then since Beard comes no more, let's to work in a trice
For our favour he lost when he rais'd the full price.

Grand Babel building Chorus, by the whole house of
bucks, bloods, &c. clattering, clashing, cracking, tearing,
rending, &c. &c,

TRUE-BLUE; or, The PRESS-GANG.

SCENE a VILLAGE.

TRUE-BLUE and NANCY discovered.

TRUE-BLUE,

To be gazing on those charms;

To be folded in those arms;

To unite my lips with those,

Whence eternal sweetness flows;

To

To be lov'd by one so fair.
Is to be blest beyond compare.

NANCY. On my dearest to recline
While his hand is lock'd in mine;
In those eyes myself to view,
Gazing still and still on you:
In thy arms while thus I'm blest,
Of every joy I am possess'd.

[Both repeat In thy arms, &c.

While they are embracing, the LIEUTENANT enters
with his gang, and presses him.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sir, you must learn another song to sing;
Come, come along with me, and serve the king.

A I R.

NANCY [kneeling]

Oh! where will you hurry my dearest,
Say, say, to what clime, or what shore?
You tear him from me the sincerest
That ever lov'd mortal before.

Oh! cruel! heard-hearted to press him,
And force the fond swain from my arms,
Restore him that I may caress him,
And shield him from future alarms.

The LIEUTENANT pushing her away, she rises.
In vain you insult and deride me,
And make but a scoff of my woes;
You ne'er from my dear shall divide me,
I'll follow wherever he goes.

Think not of the merciless ocean
My soul any terror can have ;
For as soon as the ship makes its motion,
So soon shall the sea be my grave.

A I R.

LIEUT. Honor calls, he must obey,
Love to glory must give may :
With heart prepar'd, each British tar
Pants, by turns, for love and war.
Plead no more, but let him go,
Bid him brave his country's foe.
Triumphant after all his toils,
He shall return with warlike spoils.

A I R. Dialogue.

NANCY. And can'st thou leave thy Nancy,
And quit thy native shore ?
It comes into my fancy,
I ne'er shall see thee more.

TRUE. Yes, I must leave my Nancy,
To plough the boisterous main ;
Let fear ne'er fill thy fancy,
For we shall meet again.

NANCY. Amidst the foaming billows,
Where thundering cannons roar,
You'll think on these green willows,
And wish your self on shore.

TRUE. Nor fire nor sword appall me,
When glory points the way ;
Great George and England call me,
And I with joy obey.

NANCY.

NANCY. May guardian gods protect thee,
From water, fire, or steel;
And may no fears affect thee,
Like those which now I feel.

TRUE. I leave to heav'n's protection
My life, my only dear;
You have my soul's affection.
So still conclude me here.

NANCY. I leave to heav'n's protection,
My life, my only dear;
So fond is my affection.
That still I wish you here.

Whilst they are embracing, Nancy's father comes be-
hind and pulls her from him.

CARE. Daughter, you're too young to marry,
'Tis too soon to be a wife;

Yet a little longer tarry,
E'er you know the cares of life.

Wedlock is a fickle station,
Sometimes sweetness, sometimes strife;

Oh! how great the alteration,
'Twixt the maiden and the wife.

Love and courtship are but stupid,
Glory has superior charms:
Mars should triumph over Cupid,
When Britannia calls to arms.

As for you, Sir, do your duty,
O! where I but young again,
I'd not dangle after beauty,
But go play my part with Spain.

A I R.

LIEUT. Now away my brave boy's hoist the flag,
beat the drum,

Let our streamers wave over the main :
When old England call us, we merrily come
She can't call a sailor in vain.

Already we seem an Armada to chace,
Already behold the Galleons ;
Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the face,
And return with a load of doubloons.

TRUE. Then farewell for a time, lovely sweethearts,
dear wives !

Nancy, fear not the fate of True-blue ;
Tho' we leave you, and merrily venture our lives,
To our doxies we'll ever be true.

With spirit we go an Armada to chace,
With rapture behold the Galleons,
Undaunted, unconquer'd, look death in the face,
And return with a load of doubloons.

PROLOGUES and EPILOGUES.
P R O L O G U E.

By the Hon. Mr. HERBERT.

POET and PLAYER.

(The Poet enters with the Farce in his Hand.)

Confusion ! how they've sacrific'd my play ;
Oh what a deal of wit they've clip'd away ;
The miser himself cannot appear more hip'd,
Should every guinea in his hand be clip'd !

Alas,

Alas, the offspring of my brain is spoil'd,
'Tis mingled so, I hardly know my child ;
Could I but find the wretch who did the deed,
For every line, a pound of flesh should bleed.

[As he is going out, he sees the player
coming in to speak the prologue, at
which he returns a little frightened, and
speaks as follows, and retires to the
back scenes unobserved by the player,

POET. Sure this is he---I'll first not seem to mind him,
But stab the dog, if I can get behind him.

[Enter player dress'd in a very shabby
wig, a dirty coat, long beard, &c.

PLAY. Let this auspicious day, spectators all,
Be deck'd with smiles, no piteous tear let fall,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen now,
But comic scenes shall smooth the tragic brow.

POET. Let wholesale poets ever praise the day
That crowns my labours, or brings on my play.

[The poet discovers himself in a passion,
at which the player humbles and is
exceedingly frightened.

POET. Thy play! thou wretch, here kneel, confess
thy theft,

Or strait to atoms shall thy corps be cleft,
For by the ghost of Plautus here I swear,
Nay more, by that of the renowned Moliere,
This guilty pamphlet shall devulge thy shame,
Declare thy theft, and dastardise thy name,

See here, how thou, down, down my rising phlegm,
Dost steal from me, what I did take from them.

PLAY. To steal---to take from---are they not the
same?

POET. The same, thou wretch, oh, I'm all a flame,
But will be calm, and for once will deign,
To thee, the vast, vast difference to explain;
To steal, to steal, so far you'll own I hope,
I mean a stealing: thou deserves a rope;
But to take from it, mark me, don't mistake,
To take from is, what I from them do take,
That is in short, to take the thought of one,
Who thought the thoughts I should have thought upon.

PLAY. 'Tis very true, and needs no repetition,
No lawyer can dispute your definition,
I've wrong'd you much, and well deserve thy curse,
'Tis manly in thee to abuse me thus,
But oh! had I been bred like thee at school,
And thou like me, like me had been a fool,
And now my works voluminous as thine,
And here and there presum'd to take a line,
Or e'en whole scenes my heart from age wou'd cease,
My hands be loudest to applaud the piece.
But I've enough to rid me of my pain,
Tho' not enough my hunger to sustain,
I write for bread, yet starving do agree,
The first night's profits shall be kept for thee,
Oh me, alas! alas! alas! oh me!

[Here the player faints, and the poet runs
to him, and speaks as follows.

POET.

POET. It is too moving, O look up and live,
Proceed, act on, I pity and forgive.

PLAY. Nothing, I thought, could stop my soul's career,

Which long e'er this had skip'd to yonder sphere,
But since I hear that tender word, forgive,
I will not die, so long as I can live.
But yet, methinks I'd not be thought a thief,
The very thought on't thumps my soul with grief.

POET. Forget what's past---and let us together go,
To count the numbers on each crowded row,
But thou shalt have the second night thyself,
I do insist on't, for I love not self,
And mine the third, we'll then the bargain strike :
In all the rest we'll share and share alike,
The hand of justice thus shall for us carve,
We'll stuff together, or together starve.

PLAY. [Embracing.]

POET. Thus on the globe celestial we behold,

PLAY. The egg-born brothers arms in arms enfold,

POET. Thus the birds upon the bird-lime twig,

PLAY. Thus sticks the wasp upon the ripen'd fig,

POET. Thus, thus the ivy doth embrace the oak,

PLAY. Thus hugs the nymph, the swain she has bespoken.

POET. As long may friendship's thread together stick,

PLAY. } Thus ever, ever, may we stick like pitch,

POET. } Pitch, pitch, pitch, pitch, pitch.

PROLOGUE spoken by Mr. GARRICK, in the
Character of a SAILOR.

Enter singing, How pleasant a sailor's life passes.

Well, thou art my boy, a little mellow,
A sailor, half-seas o'er 's a pretty fellow.
What cheer ho!---do I carry too much fail!
No---tight and trim---I scud before the gale;
But softly tho'---the vessel seems to heel.
Steady my boy,---she must not shew her keel:
And now, thus ballasted, what course to steer;
Shall I to sea again, and bang Mounseur?
Or shall I stay at home, and toy with Sall and Sue?
Dost love 'em boy? by this right hand I do;
A well rigg'd girl, is surely most inviting,
'There's nothing better, faith; save slip and fighting.

----- I must away---I must!

What shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or low'r our flags to slavery and soup.
What shall the parley-vous make such a racket?
And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket:
Still shall old England be your Frenchman's butt
Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut:
I'll to them faith---avaft---before I go---]
Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show;

[Pulls out a play bill.

From this same paper we shall understand,
What work's to night--- I read the printed hand;
First let's refresh a bit---for faith I need it---
I'll take one sugar-plumb---and then I'll read it---

[takes some tobacco.

[He

[He reads the play bill of Zara, which was presented
that evening.

At the the-atre-royal-Drury-lane will be presen-tate-ed
a tragedy called Sarah--

I'm glad 'tis Sarah--now our Sall shall see,

Her name-sake's tragedy---and as for me,

I shall sleep as sound as if I was at sea.

[Reads] To which will be added a new masque

Zounds! why a masque? we sailors hate grimaces,

Above-board all; we scorn to hide our faces:

But what is here so very large and plain?

Bri-tan-nia---ah, Britannia, good again.

Huzza, boys! by the Royal George, I swear,

Tom Coxen and the crew shall strait be there;

All free-born souls must take Britannia's part,

And give three loud cheers with hand and heart

[Going off--he stops.

I wish you landmen tho', would leave your tricks

Your factious parties and d---n'd politicks;

And like us honest tars, fight, dance and sing,

True to yourselves, your Country and your king.

PROLOGUE written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

A moment stop your tuneful fingers, pray,

While here as usual, I my duty pay,

Don't frown, my friends, [to the band]-you soon shall
melt again;

But if not there, is felt each dying strain;

Poor I shall speak, and you will scrape in vain:

To

To see me now, you think the strangest thing;
 For like friend Benedict, I cannot sing;
 Yet in the prologue cry but you Corragio,
 I'll speak you both a Jig, and an Adagio.

A Persian King, as Persian tales relate,
 Oft went disguis'd, to hear the people prate;
 So curious I, sometimes steal out incog,
 To hear what critic's croak, of me---King Log.
 Three nights ago I heard a tête a tête,
 Which fix'd at once our English Opera's fate;
 One was a youth born here, but flush from Rome,
 The other, born abroad, but here his home;
 And first the English Foreigner began,
 Who thus address'd the foreign Englishman.
 An English Opera! 'tis not to be born!
 I both my country and their music scorn!
 Oh, d---n their Ally Croker's and their early horn.
 Signior Si-bat sons---worfe recitativo,
 Il tutto e bestiale e cativo.
 This said, I made my exit, full of terrors,
 And now ask mercy for the following errors;
 Excuse me first for foolishly supposing,
 Your countryman could please us in composing,
 An opera too, play'd by an English band!
 Wrote in a language which you understand!
 I dare not say who wrote it---I could tell ye,
 To soften matters---Signior Shakespearelli;
 This aukwar'd drama (I confess the offence)
 Is guilty too of poetry and sense!

And

And then the price we take---you all abuse it,
 So low, so un-like an opera---but excuse it,
 We'll mend that fault---whenever you shall chuse it. }

Our last mischance, and worse than all the rest
 Which turns the whole performance to a jest,
 Our fingers are all well, and all will do their best. }

But why should this rash fool; this Englishman?

Attempt an Opera!---'tis the strangest plan!

Struck with the wonders of his master's art,

Whose sacred drama shake and melt the heart!

Whose heav'n-born strains, the coldest breast inspire,

Whose chorus thunder sets the soul on fire!

Inflam'd, astonish'd, at those magic airs;

When Sampson groans, and frantic Saul despairs:

The pupil wrote---the work is now before ye,

And waits your stamp of infamy or glory;

Yet e'er his errors and his faults are known,

Ye say those faults, those errors are his own;

✓ If through the clouds appear some glimmering rays,

✓ They're sparks he caught from his great master's blaze.

Mr. FOOT's Address to the PUBLIC,

After the Prosecution against him for a Libel.

Hush! let me search, before I speak aloud---

Is no informer sculking in the croud,

With art laconic, noting all that's said,

Malice at-heart, indictments in his head,

Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,

And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar:

Is there none such?---not one---then entre-nous,

I will a tale unfold, tho' strange, yet true,
 The application must be made by you.
 At Athens, once fair queen of arms and arts,
 There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts,
 Precise his manner, and demure his looks,
 His mind unletter'd, tho' he dealt in books,
 Amorous, tho' old: tho' dull, lov'd rapartee,
 And penn'd a paragraph most daintily !
 He aim'd at purity in all he said,
 And never omitted eth or ed,
 I'm, hath, and doth, was rarely known to fail,
 Himself the hero of each little tale,
 With wits and lords this man was much delighted,
 And once, it has been said, was near being knighted ;
 One Aristophanes, a wicked wit,
 Who never heeded grace, in whate'er he writ,
 Had mark'd the manner of this Grecian sage,
 And thinking him a subject for the stage,
 Had from the lumber cull'd with curious care,
 His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait and air,
 His affectation, consequence and mein,
 And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene,
 Loud peals of plaudits thro' the circle ran,
 And felt the satire, for all knew the man.
 Then Peter---Peros was his classic name,
 Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
 To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
 Opens his purse, and begs his best advice,
 For fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his band,
 The case you put I fully understand,

He

The thing is plain, from Coke's reports,
 For rules of poetry an't rules of courts,
 A libel this---I'll make the Mummer know it,
 A Grecian constable took up the poet,
 Restrain'd the sallies of the laughing muse,
 Call'd harmless humour, scandalous abuse,
 The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
 Th' indulgent public set the pris'ner free,
 Greece was to him, what Dublin is to me.

Spoken by C A L I S T A.

Well, sure our faithful might have bedded,
 The fashionable belle her beau had wedded ;
 The odious secret of the letter kept,
 He might in dull security have slept,
 And had Horatio's ill tim'd zeal abated,
 All parties might have happily been stated,
 Spouse might with female friend abroad have met,
 Whilst madam and her spark were tête-a-tête :
 But train'd in virtue's school from youth.
 Warm in the cause of innocence and truth,
 Deaf to conveniencies and well bred rules,
 With vengeance arm'd, the scourge of knaves and fools,
 Our poet with a juster thought destroys,
 The gay and fair, condemn'd for guilty joys.
 The pomp of vice may glare in vulgar eyes,
 But soon the wounded heart returns and sighs,
 Whilst conscious innocence serenely gay,
 Basks in the sunshine of her summer's day,
 Makes every object to fresh joys give birth,

At night comes home and finds a heaven on earth ;
Heedless in youth, too cautious grown in age,
We both alike imprudently engage,
Would you to marriage, happiness assign,
Hearts must as well as hands together join.

B U C K S have at ye All.

Ye social friends of claret and of wit,
Where'er dispers'd, in merry groupes ye fit,
Whether below ye gild the glittering scene,
Or in the upper regions oft have been ;
Ye bucks assembled at your Ranger's call,
Damme, I know ye, ---and have at ye all.
'The motive here that sets our bucks on fire,
'The gen'rous wish, the first and last desire,
If you with plaudit's, echo to renown,
Or urg'd with fury, tear the benches down,
'Tis still the same---to one bright goal ye haste,
'To shew your judgment, and approve your taste,
'Tis not in nature for ye to be quiet,
No, damme, bucks exist but in a riot.
For instance, now---to please the ear, and charm the
 admiring croud,
Ye bucks o'the boxes sneer and talk aloud,
To the green box next, with joyous speed you run,
Hilly ! ho, ho, my bucks ! well damn it, what's the fun ?
Tho' Shakespear speaks---regardless of the play,
Ye laugh and lo!l the sprightly hours away ;
For to seem sensible of real merit,
Oh, damme, it's low, it's vulgar---beneath us lads of
spirit ?

Your

Your bucks o'the pit, are miracles of learning,
 Who point out faults to shew their own discerning,
 And critic like bestriding martyr'd sense,
 Proclaim their genius and vast consequence ;
 The side long row, whose keener views of bliss,
 Are chiefly center'd in one fav'rite miss :
 A set of jovial bucks who here resort,
 Flush from the tavern, reeling ripe for sport,
 Wak'd from their dream, oft join the general roar,
 With bravo, bravo, bravissimo, oh ! damme, encore,
 Or skipping that, behold another row,
 Supply'd by citizens or smiling beau,
 Addressing miss, whose cardinal protection,
 Keeps her quite safe from ranc'rous detraction,
 Whose lively eyes, beneath a down-drawn hat,
 Gives hint she loves a little---you know what.
 Ye bucks above, who range like gods at large,
 Nay, pray don't grin ! but listen to your charge,
 You, who design to change this scene of railery,
 And out-talk players in the upper gallery,
 Oh there's a youth ! and one, o'th' sprightly fort !
 I don't mean you---damme, you've no features for't :
 Who slyly sculks to hidden station,
 Whilst players follow their vocation, [cation, }
 Whilst off, off, off ! nose---roast beef,---there's edu- }
 Now I've explor'd this mimic world quite through,
 And set each country's little fault at view,
 In the right sense receive the well meant jest.
 And keep the moral still within your breast ;
 Convinc'd I'd not in heart, or tongue offend,
 Your hands acquit me, and I've gain'd my end. The

The IRISH WEDDING.

OVERTURE of Moreen Giberlain.

There was a wedding at Baltimore,
 Where there was a hundred all but four score,
 And your welcome all of you, welcome,
 Grama Chre, welcome all of you, welcome joy.
 Says he the longer I'm here, sure the shorter I stay,
 Arrah ; get into the stable and give my horse hay,
 And your, &c.

There came to the wedding Patrick and Dormond, Ti-
 mothy Croneen,
 With their wives all behind them, galloping on their
 little stogeens.

And your, &c.

There came Menus and Drury, Oh'o! and Chavanaen
 all;

They were likewise a galloping on their horan-bann.

And your, &c.

Now they arriv'd at the house where the wedding
 was to be held, and little Patrick, O'Carroll, being the
 nimblest footed in the house, was immediately sent for
 lame Will. Hurley the Jews-harp player, and old blind
 John the Piper to entertain them with music, for the
 rest of the day ; and while the bride was dressing her-
 self up stairs in the loft, lame Will. Hurley, began to
 entertain them with his courtship between him and
 Sheele Sehaney, of Belling Towroo:

S O N G.

The girls of Killikenny, so buxom and friky,
 Would oftentimes treat with claret and whiskey,

Cause

'Cause why? I could dance, sing and caper so gayly;
And my heart was as light as the heart of Shallalee.

But Cupid, that blinker, that arch mischief-maker,
For Ruggedy Mudge, caus'd my bowels to quake, Sir,
Oh'o! Ruggedy Mudge; was the dear creature's name,
For whom, my poor bosom is all in a flame, Sir.

But oh! when I came to address and adore her,
I tumbld down backward right forward before her;
But when you are dead, they treat you with laughter,
And call you a fool, all your life ever after.

Now the bride being dress'd, all with her shame face,
With her red jacket and petticoat bound round with
green lace.

And your, &c.

Now dinner being laid, then to it they fell,
Monomondoul! says paddy, but I like your wife well.

And your, &c.

Here was brakety butter, and then salt fish for the men,
And as to madam Bride, they boil'd her an old hen.

And your, &c.

Now dinner being over they all fell a dancing,
And they sent little Patrick O'Carrol to set the church
bells a ringing.

And your, &c.

Oh! my dear, says blind John, let me entertain you
with a funeral sermon that was fung at my great grand-
mothers wedding.

S O N G,

As my true love and I was a walking together,
We halt at the sign of the grislin and meadow;

Oh,

Oh, there we danc'd Lastrum-poney for ever,
And after cry'd whack, for the other brawn meddor.

Sing fal, lil, li a.

The piper came in, and they all fell a dancing,
'Twould make your fides split to see them caper and
prancing;

Some danc'd Shelanagig, others danc'd upon crutches,
And Patrick M'Manus, he th--t in his breeches.

Sing fal, &c.

Old Patrick O'Carrol, call'd them all sons of b----s
And Donald M'Manus struck Teague with his crutches,
Oh, the scabs on his shins was like a rasher of bacon,
And the juice that came from was like yellow treacle.

Sing fal, &c.

As I was a-going by the parliament house,
I saw an old woman a cracking a louse,
I nimbly stept to her, and ask'd her what's them?
Your soul to d----l, they're p-----t men.

Sing fal, &c.

As the same old woman was roasting a whiteing,
She run away from the stink of the fauce,
And as she was running down she did tumble;
Up went her petticoats, and shew'd her old a----.

Sing fal, &c.

And when they came to pull of the bride's clothes,
Oh! they could not come nigh for the stink of her toes.

And your, &c.

Now the bride being undress'd and going to bed,
Sure she off with her smock. and laid it under her head.

And your. &c.

Now

Now the bride being undress'd and laid on her back,
Poor Paddy he mounted, and made her c---t crack.

And your, &c.

The SIDE CAPER.

And my aunt Mahony shall come to the feast,
Where potatoes and mutton for sauce, shall be dress'd ;
Rack punch, made of whiskey, in bumpers shall flow,
And all my relations shall come to the show.

Sing flew, I a,

An IRISH SONG.

By Chreest and Saint Patrick ; going home late last
night,

About two i' the morning, I was put in a fright ;
Comes a dog in a doublet, strip'd in his shirt,
And throws down poor Teague, quite clean in the dirt.

Then firing his pistol direct in my face,
Stand still you d---d dog, or your dead on the place ;
De'l take you for me, for this favour and graish,
For ne'er was poor Teague in more sorrowful case.

Confounded and speechless, bold as hero I cry'd
Your rogue-ship will one day at Tyburn be try'd,
If Teague catch you again at such vile tricks as these,
He will swear, joy, upon you his Majesty's peash.

Then threaten'd, he civilly cry'd my dear honey,
I'll not hurt thee at all, but present me your money,
My money, dear joy, 'tis Teague's soul, he's undone ;
Well, e'en take it all, for by Chreest I have none.

Az

A favourite drinking Song.

Whilst I'm carousing to cheer up my soul,
 O how I triumph to see a full bowl;
 Whilst I'm carousing, to cheer up my soul,
 O how I triumph to see a full bowl.

This is the pleasure, the only treasure,
 The only treasure, the blessing that makes me rejoice,
 Thus while I'm drinking, and free from dull thinking,
 Then I am greater than the greatest king,

WOMAN for MAN.

Wine, wine, we allow the brisk fountain of mirth,
 It frights away care, and gives jollity birth,
 Yet while we thus greedily great Bacchus approve,
 Let's pay the glad tribute to Venus and love,
 For do what we will, or say what we can,
 Who loves not a woman, the wretch is no man.
 Cho. For do what you will, or say what you can,
 Who loves not a woman, the wretch is no man.

To the charms of that sex let us chearful resign,
 Our youth and our vigour they're better than wine,
 There's merit I own in a gay sparkling glass,
 But can it compare with a lovely kind lass?
 No, it cannot compare, you may say what you can,
 Who prefers not a woman, the wretch is no man.

Cho. No it cannot, &c.

Th' enchantments of beauty, what force can repell,
 This powerful magic, the bosom's soft spell,
 The look so endearing, the kind melting kiss,
 Th' enjoyments of love are all raptures and bliss;
 Then

Then who woman refuses, rejects nature's plan,
He may say what he will, but the wretch is no man.

Cho. Then who woman. &c.

May scandal, misfortune, and direful disgrace,
Be the portion of all the effeminate race,
Like Britain, what nation on earth can they find,
Whose nymphs are so fair, so inviting and kind,
Then who woman refuses, rejects nature's plan,
May they suffer like brutes, nor be pitied by man.

Cho. Then who woman, &c.

From a striking likeness my moral shall spring,
Who'd act like me, let him copy his king,
Like George in his youth, the gay spring tide of life,
Let every good fellow now take him a wife;
When by Hymen you're bless'd, all securely for then,
You'll have nothing to do but to prove yourselves men.

Cho. When by, &c.

NOTTINGHAM ALE.

When Venus the goddess of beauty and love,
Arose from the froth that swam on the sea,
Minerva leap'd out from the cranium of Jove,
A coy sultan slut, as most authors agree.
Brave Bacchus, they tell us, the prince of good fellows,
Was his natural son, pray attend to my tale,
For they who thus chatter, mistake quite the matter,
For he sprung from a bottle of Nottingham ale.
Nottingham ale, Nottingham ale,
No liquor on earth is like Nottingham ale.

And

And when he had empty'd the cask whence he sprung
 For want of good liquor low spirited grew,
 He mounted astride, set his a---se on the bung,
 And away to the gods and the goddeffes flew,
 And when he look'd down, and saw the brave town,
 To pay him due honours, ne'er likely to fail,
 He swore that on all earth, that the place of his birth,
 Was that, and liquor like Nottingham ale.

Cho. Nottingham ale, &c.

Ye bishops and curates, priests, deacons and vicars,
 When once ye have tasted, you'll own it is true,
 That Nottingham ale is the best of all liquors,
 And none understand the good creature like you,
 It expels every vapour, saves pen, ink and paper ;
 For when you've a mind in the pulpit to rail,
 'Twill open your throats, ye may preach without notes,
 When inspir'd with a bumper of Nottingham ale,
 Nottingham ale, &c.

Ye lovers who talk of fires, flames, darts and daggers,
 With right Nottingham ale ply your mistresses hard,
 The lass who once tastes it will sip till she staggers,
 And all your past suffering she then will reward ;
 You may turn her, and twist her, and do as you list, Sir,
 Engage her but briskly, you soon will prevail,
 Fill the glass up but often, there's nothing will soften
 The heart of a woman like Nottingham ale,
 Nottingham ale, &c.

Ye doctors who more execution have done,
 With powder and potion and bolus and pill,

The

The hangman with halter, and foldier with gun,
 Or miser with fam ine, or lawyer with quill,
 To dispatch us the quicker, you forbid us malt liquor,
 Till our body's consum'd, and our faces grow pale,
 Let him mind 'em who pleases, what cures all diseases,
 Is a comfortable dose of good Nottingham ale,
 Nottingham ale, boys, Nottingham ale,
 No liquor on earth is like Nottingham ale.

The MARRIAGE ACT.

The fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride,
 For riches like fig-leaves their nakedness hide;
 But the slave that is poor, must pine all his life,
 In a batchelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads,
 In making of jointures, or settling of deeds;
 But Adam and Eve, when they begun their course,
 They took one another for better for worse.

Then prithee dear Chloë ne'er aim to be great,
 Let love be our jointure, ne'er mind an estate,
 For you ne'er can be poor, whilst possess'd of such charms
 And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

SONG in ARTAXERXES.

Water parted from the sea,
 May increase the river's tide,
 To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or through fertile vallies glide.

H

Though

Though in search of, lost repose,
 Through the land 'tis free to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Panting for its native home.

LOVE AND RESOLUTION.
 A NEW CANTATA.

The month was May, the birds began to sing,
 The valleys laugh, and Flora's beauties spring;
 Up rose the sun like happy bridegroom gay,
 All nature smil'd, to greet the new-born day;
 When Damon drove his fleecy care along,
 Peace warm'd his heart, content inspir'd his song.

A I R.

Where'er the cares of busy life,
 Gloomy thought and inward strife,
 Some at wild ambition aim,
 Others pant for wealth and fame,
 Or for beauty rave and sigh,
 Let 'em do so :---What care I.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Cupid, whose powers triumph o'er the mind,
 Who ne'er was deaf, though poets paint him blind.
 Attentive heard the stoic shepherd's strain,
 Resolv'd to prove philosophy was vain;
 Just had he spoke, when Delia struck his sight
 Delia like Pallas wise, like Venus bright,
 begu'd! he paus'd! astonish'd at her charms,
 And thus confess'd the force of love's alarms.

A I R

A I R.

Shall that heart which has vow'd to be free,
 Be entangled by beauty at last ?
 Ah ! we never the future shall see,
 We know only the present and past :
 Ye gay shepherds deride not my flame,
 For I'll conquer its pow'r if I can,
 Quick ! sudden as lightning it came,
 And alas, I'm no more than man !

R E C I T A T I V E.

His strain was pious, penfive, solemn, slow,
 He sooth'd himself, and sigh'd, it must be so.

A I R

Then he pluck'd up his courage, and spoke to his
 heart,
 To keep it divested of sorrow ;
 Ne'er doubt, simple thing, but we'll manage our part,
 If we can, we'll be married to-morrow.

The V I C A R and M O S E S.

At the sign of the Horse,
 Where old Spin-text of course,
 Each night took his pipe and his pot,
 O'er a jug of brown nappy,
 Quite pleasant and happy,
 Was plac'd this canonical sot.

Fol de rol, de rol.

H 2

The

The evening was dark,
 When in came the clerk,
 With reverence due, and submission,
 He first stroak'd his cravat,
 Then twirl'd round his hat,
 And then presented his petition.
 I'm come, Sir, says he,
 To beg, look d'ye see,
 Of your reverence's worship and glory,
 To inter a poor baby,
 With as much speed as may be,
 And I'll walk with a lanthorn before ye.
 The body we'll bury,
 But pray where's the hurry ?
 Why lord, Sir, the corpse cannot stay,
 Why you fool you may guess,
 Since miracles cease-----
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away.
 Then Moses he smil'd,
 Saying, a small child,
 Cannot long well delay your intention ;
 Why that's true by St. Paul,
 A child that is small,
 Can never enlarge its dimension.
 Then Moses he spoke,
 Sir, 'twas twelve the clock struck,
 Besides there's a terrible shower :
 Why Moses you elve,
 If the clock has twelve,
 I am sure it can never strike more.

Besides

Besides my dear friend,
 This lesson attend,
 Which to say or to swear, I'd be bold ;
 The corps, snow or rain,
 Can't endanger, that's plain,
 But perhaps you or I, may catch cold.
 Then Moses went on,
 Sir, the clock has struck one,
 I pray master look at the hand,
 Why it ne'er can strike less,
 It's a folly to press,
 A man for to go that can't stand.
 At length hat and cloak,
 Old Orthodox took,
 But first cram'd his mouth with a quid,
 Each took off a gill,
 For fear they should chill,
 And they stagger'd away side by side.
 I'll take it quite kind,
 If instead of behind,
 At the grave we may meet both together,
 For uncertain our stand,
 On this clayey land,
 For Moses 'tis sad slippery weather.
 When they came to the grave,
 The clerk humm'd a stave,
 Whilst the surplice was wrap'd round the priest,
 When so droll was the figure,
 Of Moses and Vicar,
 That the parish still talk of the jest.

Good people let's pray,
 Put the corpse t'other way,
 Perhaps it may over me tumble,
 'Tis best to take care,
 Tho' the sages declare,
 That a Mortuum Caput can't tumble.

Woman of man born,
 No, that's wrong, the leafs torn,
 A man that was born of a woman,
 Is cut down like a flower,
 Can't continue an hour,
 So you see, Moses death spareth no man.

Good people pray look,
 What a confounded book,
 Why the letters are plac'd upside down,
 Such a villainous print,
 Sure the devil is in't,
 That Basket should print for the crown.

Old Tremendous the vicar,
 His words utter'd thicker,
 As October had mov'd the divine,
 'Till arriv'd as he must,
 At the word dust to dust,
 He puk'd in the grave beer and wine.

Disorders within,
 Are taxes for sin,
 You see how the righteous are punished,
 Live modest and sober,
 And Moses remember,

How much of our prayers has been said,

Here

Here Moses, you read,
 For I cannot proceed,
 Come bury the corpse in my stead,
 Why Moses, you fool,
 You fool hold your tongue,
 For you have taken the tail for the head.
 'Tis true thy sting, death,
 Gives the corpse to the earth,
 Believe me 'tis terrible weather,
 So the corps was interr'd,
 Without saying a word,
 And home they both stagger'd together.

A NEW SONG.

Oh, lead me to some peaceful shade,
 Where none but honest fellows come;
 Where wives loud clappers never sound,
 But an eternal laugh goes round.
 There let me drown in wine my pain,
 And never think of home again;
 What comfort can a husband have,
 To rule the house where he's a slave.

The NAIAD, a CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

As near a verdant grove young Strephon stray'd,
 Pensive in thought beneath a verdant shade;
 A youth of am'rous mould, in happy hour,
 He spy'd where nature's self, had form'd a bow'r,

Near

Near a cool riv'let, ---he reclin'd his head,
 Which grateful woodbines for an arbour spread;
 A thousand happy scenes, at once unite,
 To calm reflection and transport the fight;
 The spring with 'fragrance fill'd the ambrosial air,
 And feather'd songsters to the groves repair;
 And while transported thus, the shepherd sung,
 The works of nature thus inform'd his tongue.

A I R.

Gentle Zephyrs, silent shades,
 Purling stream, and cooling shades
 Senses pleasing,
 Pains appeasing,
 Here the graces beauty bring;
 Here the warbling chorist's sing.
 Love inspiring,
 All desiring.

To adorn the infant spring.

R E C I T A T I V E.

While in this pleasing posture Damon lay,
 A nymph appear'd, in negligent array,
 Her bosom whiter than the new-fall'n snow;
 Her features regular, serene her brow:
 Her robes loose flowing from her slender waist,
 Her lilly hand a crook of roses grac'd;
 Her hair in ringlets o'er her bosom stray,
 And as she walk'd, the fair was heard to say.

A I R.

Gentle Zephyrs come away,
 In softest whispering numbers play;
 Round this sweet, this shady grove,
 Sacred to the muse and love.

Com.

Come let thy soft thy balmy breeze,
Diffuse its vernal sweets around,
From sprouting flowers and blossom'd trees,
While ecchoing hills and vales resound.
With notes that wing'd musicians sing,
In honour to the bloom of spring.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The youth enamour'd, view'd her charming air,
And thus with extacy address'd the fair.

A I R.

Angelic Nymph ! enchanting maid !
With beauty divinely bright ;
What friendly power unseen, convey'd
Thee, to my ravish'd sight ?
Art thou, Oh ! charmer sent from heaven,
To make my bliss secure ;
Or, is thy beauty only given,
My fancy to allure.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Say, lovely stranger of the grove,
Art thou the beautiful queen of love !
Or art thou some sweet shepherdes,
That dost frequent this recess ?
Resolve me, bright excellence !
Nor keep me longer in suspense !
He ceas'd, and with an artful smile,
The fair reply'd, in sportive guile.

A I R.

I am a lady of the grove,
A Naiad of immortal Race;

This

This arbour is my green abode,
 Retire, for sacred is this place;
 Mine too this brook, that glides serene:
 The brook and it's flowing scene.
 Then gentle youth, no longer stay,
 But hence unpunish'd---haste away;
 For none but nymphs and fauns attend me here,
 The nymphs adore me, and the fauns revere.

R E C I T A T I N E.

Amaz'd! the shepherd heard, and prostrate fell,
 Ador'd her as a goddess, all compleat;
 When Silvia smiling, own'd the harmless cheat.

A I R.

Take courage dear shepherd and be not afraid,
 No goddess am I, but an innocent maid,
 That's come in pursuit of a lamb that is stray'd.

R E C I T A T I V E.

She spake, and Damon in his eager arms
 Seiz'd the unresisting maid;
 A soft extatic joy their bosom's warms,
 And Cupid leads to the silent shade.

A I R.

Cupid gentle deity,
 Still triumphant may'st thou reign,
 No more I'll fight for liberty,
 But joyfull hug the pleasing chain.

A M E D L E Y,

Free from sorrow, free from strife,
 Oh, how blest is the miller's life;

Chearful

Chearful working through the day,
 And at night he sings away ;
 Nought can vex him, nought perplex him,
 While there's grist to make him gay.

Bright author of my present flame,
 Am I awake, or do I dream ?
 What is that angel that I see ?
 Come down from heav'n to comfort me !
 Or if thou be some fury lately made escape,
 From hell, to cheat me in this fairer shape ;
 Thou like a comet seems to be,
 With all thy gaudy train,
 And if thou be that blazing star,
 Return again.

How much superior beauty awes,
 The coldest bosom find,
 With what resistless force it draws.
 To love and sweetness join.
 The casket where to outward shew,
 The workman's art is seen ;
 Is doubly valued when you know,
 It holds a gem within.

Through my feature's I'm told,
 Are grown wrinkl'd and old,
 Dull wisdom I hate and detest ;
 Not a wrinkle is here,
 That's furrow'd by care,
 And my heart is as light as the best.

When

When I look on my boys.
 They renew my past joys.
 Myself in my children I see,
 The comfort I find,
 In this kingdom my mind,
 Pronounces my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young, Oh, I caper'd and sung,
 The lasses came flocking apace,
 But now turn'd of threescore, I can do so no more,
 Why then let my boys take my place :

Of our pleasure we crack, for we still love the smack,
 And chuckle o'er what we have been ; [mine,
 Then why should we repine, you've had yours, I've had
 So now let our children begin.

In a shady blest retreat, I've been waiting for my dear,
 Hark ! I hear his welcome step, hark, the lovely charm-
 er comes !

'Tis the sweet bewitching swain, true to love's appoint-
 ed hour,

Joy and peace now swells again, love, I own thy mighty
 power.

When the head of poor Thomas was broke,
 By Roger that play'd at our wake ;
 And Kate was alarm'd at the stroke,
 And wept for poor Thomas's sake ;
 When his worship gave noggins of ale,
 The liquor was charming and stout ;
 Oh ! these were the times to regale,
 When we footed it rarely about.

And we footed it, &c.

Our

Our partn'ers were buxom as does,
 We all were as happy as kings;
 The lads in all their fine clothes,,
 And the lasses in all their fine things.
 What merriment all the day long,
 May the feast of our Colin prove such;
 Ad-zooks! but I'll join in your song,
 And I'll hobble about on my crutch.
 And I'll hobble, &c.

The B I R D, a favourite SONG.
 The bird that hears her nestlings cry,
 And flies abroad for food;
 Returns impatient through the sky,
 To nurse her callow brood.
 The tender mother knows no joy,
 But bodes a thousand harms!
 And sickens for her darling boy,
 When absent from her arms.
 Such fondness with impatience join'd,
 My faithful bosom fires;
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
 The queen of my desires.
 The powers of verse too languid prove,
 All families are vain;
 To shew how ardently I love.
 Or to relieve my pain.
 The faint, with fervent zeal inspir'd,
 For heaven and joys divine;
 The faint is not with rapture fir'd,
 More pure, more warm than mine.

I take what liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more !
 Convey my longings to the fair,
 The goddess I adore.

J O C K E Y, a New SONG.

Young Jockey was the blytheft lad,
 That ever maiden woo'd ;
 When he appears my heart is glad,
 For he is kind and good.
 He talks of love when e'er we meet,
 His words in raptures flow ;
 Then tunes his pipe with songs so sweet,
 I have no power to go.
 All other lasses he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone ;
 At every fair, and every wake,
 I hear them making moan.
 He buyes me toys and sweet-hearts too,
 And ribbons for my hair ;
 No swain was ever half so true,
 Or half so kind and fair.
 Where'er I go, I nothing fear,
 If Jockey is but by ;
 For I alone am all his care,
 When ever danger's nigh.
 He vows to wed next Whitsunday,
 And make me blest for life ;
 Can I refuse, ye maidens say,
 To be young Jockey's wife.

MIDAS

MIDAS, a CANTATA, by Brother Nicholls.

To fam'd Scamander's banks came Phrygia's king,
 To hear Apollo and Incubus sing,
 Peneus's daughter came to hear their song,
 With old Silenus and a motley throng,
 Of mountain shepherds, nymphs, and village swains,
 With all the tenants of Arcadia's plains ?
 The cause was this, the rustic's did admire,
 The reeds of Pan, before Apollo's lyre ;
 Others affirm'd that Pan was but a drone,
 For ever piping some discordant tone,
 To end the matter and restore content,
 Midas was chosen umpire by consent ;
 Begin, said he, begin your vocal lays,
 And he who sings the best shall wear the bays,
 The vanquish'd must on no pretence remain,
 But fly, e'er Sol's return, the Phrygian Plains.
 By this condition I abide, said Pan,
 Who thus at Pol's request the strife began.

A I R.

Ye nymphs and ye shepherds who make up this throng,
 Be attentive awhile, and I'll sing you a song,
 I'll teach you the temple of Juno to shun,
 Who kneels at her altar is surely undone.

If Hymen invite with his conjugal bliss,
 Be advised by me, to his suit be remiss,
 There's a bondage in wedlock, that few can endure.
 And death, only death, can the malady cure.

I 2

When.

Whene'er I'm to love's gentle passion inclin'd,
 I range o'er the plains some beauty to find,
 When pall'd with her charms, I seek for fresh game,
 The birds of the groves, and my goats do the same.

Ye Sylvans who happiness wish to encrease,
 Give ear to my precepts, they tend to your peace,
 Great Jupiter gave you fair freedom with life,
 The blessing you forfeit, when chain'd to a wife.

Ye beautiful virgins, the pride of our plains,
 Ne'er barter your freedom for conjugal chains,
 Should some lovely youth find the way to your heart,
 Haste to Venus's fane, there ease his soft smart.

Mighty Midas I've done, let t'other begin,
 Come Pol tune the lay, or the garland I'll win,
 If you chant the best, why I quit the plain,
 Come Sir, your song, or no longer remain.

RECITATIVE.

The noisy rabble hurl'd their caps on high,
 Pan, Pan, let Pan remain, was all their cry,
 Peace, Sirs, says Pol, I'm ready to begin,
 Give me a hearing, if the bays you win,
 Great Pan, I'll fly to some far distant shore,
 And tread on these your peaceful plains no more;
 Midas advanc'd above the noisy throng,
 Bad them be still, and hear the shepherd's song,
 So oft does Boreas the wide canvass fill,
 'Till louder Æolus bids him be still,
 Silenus bid the god of day rehearse,
 Who thus to Daphne consecrates his verse.

A I R,

A I R.

Those vermil lips, those saphire eyes,
 Transcend the queen who rules the skies,
 Jove meant to show in forming thee.
 Perfection in its first degree.

When first I saw my Daphne fair,
 My fancy found her worth my care,
 In raptures o'er each charm I rov'd,
 And soon I both admir'd and lov'd.

Thy garments by the wind were blown,
 And all thy heavenly form were shown,
 Thy slender foot, thy dimpled knee,
 A sight that Jove might wish to see,

Thy breasts too pure for vulgar eye,
 I saw, and wish'd thereon to lye;
 Thy lovely thighs, and all above,
 The spring of bliss, the fount of love.

With charms so pleasing to the sight,
 So form'd for love and soft delight,
 The Cyprian queen could never vie,
 Nor all the beauties of the sky.

Fair maid if Midas should ordain,
 That I must quit the Phrygian plain,
 I'll thank the gods for the decree,
 Would you but leave your fire for me,

R E C I T A T I V E.

He ceas'd. Midas like one that's mad, began
 To bawl aloud, the hill's re-echo'd Pan,

The swains with loud applause did rend the air,
 And few, so poor their wit, for Pol declare ;
 Begone, said Midas, leave our ground,
 And here again on no pretence be found.
 The injur'd god assum'd his bright array,
 And shone as when he drives the carr of day,
 The rabble saw, and prostrate at his feet,
 Petition'd Midas might his vengeance meet,
 Their suit had reason, Phœbus swore by Styx,
 And on his ears the asses ears did fix.
 Silenus laugh'd, as did th' applauding throng,
 To see the judge, and thus attun'd his song.

A I R.

SILENUS. Judge Midas to thee,
 For thy scurvy decree,
 Bright Phœbus presenteth a glass,
 'Tis the streams that pass by,
 Where, if you cast your eye,
 You'll see you're transform'd to an ass.
 Incubus, to you,
 For presumption, there's due,
 More than Sol hath on Midas confer'd;
 Then think not to 'scape,
 For you must bear a shape,
 From your waist all below, like your herd.
 Come shepherds begin,
 And with me this verse sing.

CHORUS,

CHORUS.

May merit ill judgment surpass,
 May the fools who pretend,
 Arrogance to defend,
 Be rewarded like Pan and Midas.

The BUTTER WOMAN,
 A CANTATA, by Br. Nicholls.

RECITATIVE.

Ye blooming maids from Mnemosyne sprung,
 Inspire my verse, as when great Virgil sung,
 Teach me in flowing numbers to relate,
 The fate of Dobbin, and his mistress Kate;
 Teach me with sympathetic woe to tell,
 What dire mishap the rustic dame befall,

A I R.

One morning early in the spring,
 When laylocks they were blowing,
 When o'er the lawns the small birds sing,
 And peasants they were mowing.
 When nature paints the daisy'd mead,
 With beauty's art excelling,
 Dame Kate got on her founder'd steed,
 And left her rustic dwelling.
 She jog'd along, replete with care,
 And of some matter scheming,
 Summing the profits of her ware,
 Of nought but interest dreaming.

At length the dame from silence broke,
 And thus began to solace,
 But first on Dobbin laid a stroke,
 That he might mend his slow pace.

Eighteen score new laid eggs I've brought,
 Some chickens hatch'd last Easter,
 My eggs I'll sell for ten a groat,
 Each chicken for a tester.

All these will help to buy a cow,
 If I'm not very shallow,
 In time I shall have calves enough,
 To buy a piece of fallow.

Who knows, e'er long, I rich may be,
 And wear the finest linen,
 The parson he may fancy me,
 And then I'll leave off spinning.

I know the dames will envy me,
 I'll care not for their gibing,
 But be as proud as any she,
 And wear my silks and ribbon.

R E C I T A T I V E.

'Twas thus she ended, when a Raven's croak
 She heard, descending from a neighbouring oak,
 A murrain on that whorson croak said she,
 That cursed noise forebodes no good to me,
 Down Dobbin fell, and o'er his batter'd frame,
 Tumbled the mighty castle-building dame,

How

Her panniers break, her chickens went astray,
 And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the dirty way,
 Sprawling she lay, from head to foot besmear'd,
 Her kerchief torn, and her posteriors bare'd.
 " So Cloacina when she rears her head,
 " Above the stagnate water's putrid bed,
 " With yellow filth of oderate common sewer,
 " Her matted hair and face is daub'd all o'er."
 She heav'd a sigh, which ask'd a quick relief,
 Then thus in plaintive strains declar'd her grief.

A I R.

Oh, my bones are all sore,
 And my cloaths are all tore,
 I never was in such a pickle,
 My belly is bare,
 And my back, I declare
 Dame fortune is wond'rous fickle

Chor. Tol. de rol.

Curs'd Dobbin, 'tis you,
 That's made this to do,
 For had you stood firm on your legs,
 All had been well,
 I never had fell,
 But got safe with my chickens and eggs.
 Oh, terrible fate,
 That I who so late,
 Thought of nothing but pleasures to come,
 Should sprawl in the road,
 All besmear'd like a toad,
 From the crown of the head to the bum. Oh,

Oh, ye Gods how I ach, !
 Now I see my mistake,
 Had I taken the sure-footed mare,
 Left Dobbin at grass,
 In the lane with the ass,
 The market I'd reach'd with my ware.
 Should it come to the ear,
 The neighbours would sneer,
 The village would make me a jest,
 Pray heav'n none's night,
 My misfortune to spy,
 And I'll evermore act for the best.

Tol de rol, &c.

The B U C K,

A CANTATA, by Br. Nicholls.

A modern buck, to Mars's business bred,
 Warm from the Vine, with Bacchus in his head,
 On mischief bent, he to a farm yard stray'd,
 Where honest Robin thus address'd the blade ;
 Halloo! master ! why Sir, you can't go th r,
 What, are you deaf ? there is no thorough-fare ;
 The buck regardless of the clown, soon flew
 O'er the hedge, where bonny black ey'd Sue,
 To milk her cows, was tripping o'er the field,
 A prize, said he, damme, I'll soon make her yield,
 Away he ran, and seiz'd her by the arm,
 'Twas thus he strove the blooming girl to charm.

A I R.

Charming creature look around you,
 Be not thus surpriz'd to see.
 One who's glad thro' chance he's found you,
 One who means no harm to thee.
 Dear girl you set me all on fire,
 Prithee give a kiss or two.
 Oh, how the jade creates desire !
 Kiss again I prithee do.
 Thy snowy breast hath far more charms,
 Than all the beauties of the court,
 Come, let me clasp thee in my arms,
 And teach thee love's extatic sport.
 The little birds around will charm thee,
 Believe me, I'll not daub thy gown,
 For all the world I would not harm thee,
 Here I'll gently lay thee down.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Here Susan backwards fell, and he upon her,
 She swore by Jove she would not loose her honour,
 Bob, from the barn the am'rous scuffle saw,
 Enrag'd he seiz'd a pitch-fork, o'er the straw,
 He flew, to aid the darling of his life,
 For Sue had promis'd to be Robin's wife ;
 The buck surpriz'd, the bold intruder curs'd,
 And with Toledo, parry'd Robin's thrust;
 A stagnate pool there was I' the rear hard by,
 The drain of many an oderated sty,

There

There by the angry bumpkin's valour beat,
The trembling beau did shamefully retreat,
With right leg in the slough, the other out,
'Twas thus he beg'd for quarters of the lout.

A I R-

BUCK. Honest fellow, prithee spare me,
In truth you've daub'd my filken hose,
With that weapon do not scare me,
Have some pity on my cloaths.

CLOWN Damnyour cloaths, I'll spoil your sport fir,
You've got a wrong sow by the ear,
Hence, and seek for whores at court fir,
Virtue reigns with Susan here.

The OLD MAN and DEATH,

A CANTATA, by Br. Nicholls.

R E C I T A T I N E.

Bending beneath his load, an aged swain,
With murmuring accent totter'd o'er the plain,
Cursing the fates, promoters of his care ;
My task said he, is more than I can bear,
The ways are rough, the elements combine,
To torture this decrepid frame of mine,
What pity 'tis that mortals of threescore,
Should still creep on, when health and vigour's o'er,
Oh ! had I not been man ! without dispute,
True happiness is center'd in the brute ;

The

The horse, the ass, all animals are free,
 Jove beams his favours on all things but me ;
 The feeble rustic fell, oppress'd with pain,
 Then rose and strove to lift his load again;
 Alas, said he, all efforts are in vain,
 When thus he call'd on death, to ease his pain.

A I R.

Mighty Jove take back the boon,
 I ask not what the foolish crave,
 Let me depart, e'er yonder moon,
 Years like mine become the grave.
 Come Death, in all thy horrors dress'd,
 And bring along thy pointed shaft,
 My soul calls out on thee for rest,
 And longs o'er Stygian streams to pass.
 Grim king of terrors, at thy sight,
 The sons of wisdom never fly ;
 They e'en expect the coming night,
 And I'm like them prepar'd to die.
 Then quickly come and strike the blow,
 Thy tardy stay augments my grief,
 Come ease me of this world of woe,
 Come give me quick relief.
 In pity to my sufferings haste,
 Lest I to yonder steep should go,
 And plunge into the liquid waste,
 And seek the peaceful shades below.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Be patient, Sir, said death, behold I'm here,
 What is your will of me ? come let me hear,
 Behold this glass, say, doth it run too slow ?
 If that's the cause, 'tis out before I go.
 The astonish'd peasant view'd the horrid sight,
 And with timidity prepar'd for flight.
 So once a snarling cottage cur, from far,
 Provok'd a shepherd's peaceful dog to war,
 The injur'd brute enrag'd, began the fray,
 The other hung his tail and sculk'd away.
 Grim death, importunate to know his grief,
 Declar'd again, he'd give him quick relief ;
 The trembling hind essay'd with fault'ring tongue,
 To speak, and thus inarticulately sung.

A I R.

I pray, Sir, lend your helping hand,
 And ease me of my fright,
 I tremble so, I scarce can stand,
 Lest I stay here all night.
 Help up my load, good Sir, I pray,
 Good lack, what is't I ail,
 I have not drank a drop to-day,
 Save down in yonder vale.
 A crystal stream I chanc'd to see,
 At which I slack'd my thirst,
 I pray, ye Sir, think well of me,
 There's none on earth more just.

Ne'er did ill to any one,
 Good lack I tremble still,
 Nor after vain pursuits have run,
 In faith, nor ever will.

My dame's at home expecting me,
 Pray heaven I once was there,
 How she'll rejoice, my face to see,
 I'll haste to ease her care,

My cottage is a mile or more,
 The roads are very base,
 So pray good Sir, walk on before,
 You'll tire to keep my pace.

Death took the hint, walk'd on before,
 But first made this reply,
 Men often do my aid implore,
 And yet they fear to die.

CHORUS.

My tale hath a moral, and all without doubt,
 Have good sense sufficient, for to find it out,
 Perhaps 'tis too serious, your plaudit to move,
 We best relish life, when we've four with our sweet.

The LOYAL KNIGHTS.

A CANTATA, by Br. Nicholls.

RECITATIVE.

Around the festive board, great Arthur's knights
 Were met, the goblet pregnant with delights

K 2

Went

Went gayley round, corroding care was fled
 With dullness, to her dark somnif'rous bed,
 Meanness and scandal urg'd their busy feet,
 And sculk'd with envy in her foul retreat ;
 Convivial mirth fir'd each cheiftain's breast,
 To sing of the becoming maids, they lov'd best ;
 Some sung of wine, some sung of nut-brown ale,
 While others told the quaint facetious tale,
 Cadwallader the brave, who ne'er deceiv'd,
 Thus sung the feats his sovereign had atchiev'd.

A I R.

(When Briton's first at heaven's command)

When Cerdie strove to extirpate,
 On Banesfdown Banks, the British race,
 Great Arthur stop'd th' impending fate,
 And sav'd his country from disgrace.

C H O R U S.

Arise, arise, ye loyal knights, and sing,
 The praises of a British king.

The haughty Pagans taught to yield,
 In vain at Woden's fane they sue,
 His valiant armies won the field,
 Where'er the red-cross banner flew.

Cho. Arise, arise, &c.

Their foul enchanters strove in vain,
 With spells and incantations dire,
 No change of fate they could subdue,
 No fav'rite demon could inspire.

Where.

Where'er resistance bar'd his way,
 And vaunted with her massy targe,
 The Briton never shew'd dismay,
 But led with prudence to the charge.

To him from banks of frozen Tweed,
 The faithful natives su'd for peace ;
 In pity to their famish'd need,
 He bid the din of battle cease.

He bid the life-restoring hand,
 Of kind benevolence dispence ;
 He blest with peace, a fainting land,
 And ever prov'd their firm defence.

He sav'd from bonds the orphan maid,
 To him the widow told her grief ;
 Where'er the recreant knight betray'd,
 He brought the injur'd maid relief.

Thro' him the shepherd all the day,
 In safety watch'd his fleecy train,
 With chearing pipe, and merry lay,
 He sung the beauties of the plain.

The British virgins sought the vale,
 No more with wars alarms oppress'd,
 And there receiv'd the soothing tale
 Of love, and made their shepherds bless'd.

In after times, when science reigns,
 A race shall sing our Arthur's praise,
 In more sublime exalted strains,
 And imitate his god-like ways.

Chc. Arise, arise, &c.

K. 3.

The

The KNIGHT'S SONG.

By Brother VALENTINE.

Ye knights of the Star, all attend to my lay,
I've got a new song to sing, or to say,
With voices so shrill let the chorus go round,
To the knight's of the Star let the sealing resound.

CHORUS, Sing tantararah knights all, &c.

But first to our Grand, our respects we must pay,
Our choice we'll revere, and his voice we'll obey.
His accomplishments justly consign to his fame,
May knights of all stations be always the same.

Sing tantararah, &c.

Our friendship united no tyrant can part,
Nor time can deface what's ingrav'd on our heart;
Remembrance survives when all raptures are past,
For friendship's a flame that will burn bright at last.

Sing tantararah, &c.

You vot'ries of Comus that are chearful and gay,
Haste away to the Star, without any delay,
Where sons of true mirth and good sense are embrac'd,
And shine in their spheres like true planets of taste.

Sing tantararah, &c.

Ye fair of all stations, the prude and coquet,
Who are skillful in working and spreading the net,
Here, here, all your power-ye charmers employ,
For knights ye will find are the best to enjoy.

Sing tantararah, &c.

To all we wish hearty hearty success,
And all their sweet Dulcinea's, for can we do less?

May

May blessings attend them, no thorns in their ways,
But love, wealth and virtue, encrease with their days.

Sing tantararah, &c.

Now fill up your glasses; let bumpers go round,
Give a toast that will make the whole ceiling resound ;
And let it be this---while a glass we can lift,
May we never want courage, when put to the shift.

Sing tantararah, &c.

A LOYAL KNIGHT'S SONG.

Long since our order took its rise,
And did from Arthur spring,
Whose greatness now the brave and wise
In flowing numbers sing;
Since friendship, mirth and harmony,
Are motives we may claim,
The knights shall all recorded be,
And lasting as their fame.
Where freedom join'd with unity,
And concord does abound;
Where all with joint consent agree,
And mirth is going round;
'Tis here that jolly Bacchus dwells,
And brimming bowls explor'd,
Where peace the friendly current swells,
And Loyal Knights ador'd.
Since to reform the minds of men,
Is our peculiar aim;
Hence future bards shall join the strain,
And fondly revere thy name;

Let every tuneful brother sing,
 And join the social band,
 In drinking health to George, our king,
 And our most noble grand.

A LOYAL KNIGHT'S SONG.

Written by Brother VALENTINE.

By antient record first we sprung,
 From noble valiant Arthur,
 Of whose great fame the world has rung,
 And plan'd great freedom's charter;
 Great lords and dukes, nay kings the same,
 Have gloried in our ancient fame,
 Nor blush'd to bear the noble name,
 Of knight of the round table.
 Here rosy Bacchus ever gay,
 Cheers our melancholy :
 From each breast drives care away,
 And makes us free and jolly ;
 With social friendship we abound,
 While jovial songs and toasts go round,
 None more joyous can be found,
 Than knights of the round table.
 Then let's be happy whilst we may,
 Wine creates new pleasure,
 Drink our bowls, laugh, sing and say,
 Here we repose our treasure ;
 May knights be never wanting found,
 A sparkling glass to put around,

Nor

Nor with the fair e'er quit their ground,
While knights of the round table.

Ye friends to Comus, come away,
Attend his noble grandship;
With us shine forth in bright array,
And taste the throne of friendship;
Then rise and join with heart and hand,
That by each other we may stand,
And to support our noble grand,
And his knights of the round table.

A LOYAL KNIGHT'S SONG.

By Brother VALENTINE.

Come mirth and freedom, guardians fair,
Disperse the painful cloud of care,
Oh! great of language, mild of mein,
O, virtues friend, and virtues queen.

C H O R U S.

Hark! 'tis freedoms voice invites,
Her choicest sons, the Loyal Knights.
From great king Arthur first we sprung,
Of whom resounding fame has sung,
Where glorious acts will e'er remain,
Recorded on the rolls of fame.

C H O R U S.

Then royal knights your voices raise,
To Arthur's glory, Arthur's praise.
With smiling mirth our bowls are crown'd,
By her with songs our lodge resound,

With

With harmony to friendship bent,
What social moments here is spent.

C H O R U S-

Hark ! 'tis friendships voice invites,
Britannia's sons, the Loyal Knights.

Ye sons of pleasure haste away,
Attend our Grand, without delay.
Attend, partake what we enjoy,
Which nothing wants nor can destroy.

C H O R U S.

Hark 'tis pleasure's voice unites,
To crown the mirth of Loyal Knights.

Now glory wakes her active tongue,
Proclaims each truth the genius sung,
On Arthur's name with rapture dwells,
And hark ! the gen'ral chorus swells.

C H O R U S.

May Britains sons extend their plains,
While George, the friend to freedom reigns.

Now all unite to swell the strain,
Of Arthur's sons, reviv'd again ;
Let fame with trump, aloud proclaim,
The glorious great, immortal name.

C H O R U S.]]

Of Loyal Knights throughout the land,
Where friendship reigns with heart and hand.

A LOYAL KNIGHT'S CANTATA.

By Brother NICHOLLS.

RECITATIVE.

Let order o'er the festive board preside,
And none presume, my precepts to deride;
O, Jove! may such intruders never know,
The sweets of soothing harmony below:
Avaunt; ye vulgar, giddy, and the vain,
Let none of them the solemn scene profane.
While harmony leads on the sacred hours,
And scatters as she goes, her pleasing flowers;
While Discord hangs her head in tears,
Let's sing the pow'r who dissipates our fears.

A I R.

Confusion long had fix'd her reign,
This concord saw, and bid her cease;

DE CAPO.

She bound us with her golden chain,
And wreath us with the palm of peace.

C H O R U S.

Repeat, my friends, with joy repeat the lay,
O, celebrate with joy the festive day.

The wretch whom envy fills with spleen,
May disapprove our happy change;

DE CAPO.

O, shun him wheresoe'er he's seen,
Such sweets to him are ever strange.

CHORUS, Repeat, &c.
Never

What blessings flow from harmony,
When friendship joins her happy train ;

DE CAPO.

Such blifs they know above the fky ;
Let none fuch facred joys prophane.

CHORUS. Repeat, &c.

In acts fraternal let us vie,
And friendship's dictates ftill approve.

DE CAPO.

So fhall we each power defy,
That ftives to feparate our love,

Cho. Repeat, &c.

When time has chang'd the prefent fcene,
And rev'rence decks the brother's brow,

DE CAPO.

Reflection then fhall ftcp between,
And much approve our conduct now.

Cho. Repeat, &c.

Now pafs the mighty goblet round,
And in oblivion drown'd the paff,

DE CAPO.

So fhall mirth and peace abound,
And harmony for ever laft.

Cho. Repeat, &c.

A L O Y A L K N I G H T ' s S O N G,

(Tune of noble race, &c.)

Attend my brother knights,
And join with me in chorus,

The

Tho' some there are,
 More ancient far,
 They're not a jot before us.
 The Mason boasts from Adam,
 They trace their noble order,
 Believe my rhyme,
 'Till Arthur's time,
 Reign'd discord and disorder.
 He made mankind quite happy,
 And set them all a drinking,
 The wise, the grave,
 The learn'd, the brave,
 And rous'd them from dull thinking.
 And those who drank so freely,
 The luscious grape's production,
 He them did call,
 Loyal knights, all,
 Because they liv'd by suction.
 He gave them laws and charges,
 By which we are cemented,
 They stand the test,
 And are the best,
 That ever was invented.
 Our mottos, mirth and friendship,
 Nor are we tools of party,
 Tho' knaves and fools,
 Prescribe us rules,
 We're too sincere and hearty.

If any of us knights.
 Should talk of high or low church,
 We'll bind him o'er,
 To drink no more.
 And set them down of no church.
 We hear no idle prating,
 Of either wig or tory,
 But each agree,
 To sit at ease,
 Drink, sing, or tell a story.
 Then landlord bring a hogshhead,
 And in the center place it,
 'Till it rebound,
 With hollow found,
 We Loyal Knights will face it.
 Now to our Patron's mem'ry,
 Fill every one a bumper,
 With glass in hand,
 Mind well the grand,
 And crown it with a bumper.

LUNARIAN ODE, for four VOICES.

By Br. Nicholls.

RECITATIVE.

INVOCATION.

Fair Luna, queen of chastity attend,
 Daughter of Jove, immortal maid descend,

On our nocturnal revels smile;
 O thou, why verdant hills and lawns survey's,
 Listen to thy vot'ries artless lays,
 While they the tedious hours beguile.

A I R.

(Tune, When Britons, &c.)

Londonia's favourite sons inspired,
 By virtue consecrate the lay;
 To thee, fair queen, by all admir'd,
 To thee we gladly homage pay.

Cho. Arise, fair Luna, thy lucid beams display,
 And cheer the traveller on his way.

When Phœbus journeys down the sky,
 And turgid Boreas shakes the main,
 When no kind star salutes the eye,
 The timid pilot sings this strain ;

Arise, fair Luna, &c.

The humble swain when labour's done,
 Conducts his favourite fair along,
 At thy approach their sports begun,
 'Tis thou inspires the Sylvan throng.

Arise, fair Luna, &c.

The sons of science thee explore,
 Thy frequent changes contemplate,
 And when their learned search is o'er,
 To us thy ways communicate.

Arise, fair Luna, &c.

L 2

The

The heathen world when time was young,
 In fables told thy mighty ways,
 Our Saxon ancestors have sung,
 Since Cesar's time thy matchless praise.

Arise, fair Luna, &c,

Direct us when we trace our streets,
 Lest lurking harm our steps betray,
 Safe may thou guide the British fleets,
 Through seas where rocks and dangers,

Arise, fair Luna, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

BACHANALIAN Invocation.

Again let all the brotherhood dispense,
 The jovial glass, the mirth inspiring song,
 Let dull corroding care be banish'd hence,
 Such guests to grief and misery belong.

A I R-

Since fleeting time posts on apace,
 Nor wealth nor power can force his stay,
 Ev'n let the dotard run his race,
 We'll laugh and sing the hours away.

Since all must pass the Stygian lake,
 The rich, the wise, coquet and beau;
 Let's while we may, such joys partake,
 As do from love and drinking flow.

Well

Well pleas'd I'd stem the fatal tide,
I'd care not for Cocytus, no ;
Would Charon for his voyage provide,
Such generous juice as grapes bestow.

Old Cerberus might roar amain,
And furies shake their hissing hair,
Sisyphus might of weight complain,
And bellow to the fates his care.

The Titans might their mountains hurl,
Danaids fill their leaky cask,
Ixion might his engine whirl,
Might I enjoy my fav'rite flask.

RECITATIVE.

Prepare, prepare, begin the choral lay,
And chant th' inspiring stanza with delight,
Join heart and voice to hail the festive day,
While sordid slaves, whose deeds more dark than night,
Reprove our measures, lets to mirth give way.

GRAND CHORUS.

Since life's like a shadow, that flies as we move,
Let's spend it in harmony, drinking and love,
Such pleasure united, strew flowers as we stray,
Inspire us with wisdom, and make our hearts gay,
Let this side the grave be with harmony join'd,
Firm cement of friendship, soft balm to the mind ;
The gods must with pleasure look down on our ways,
Reward us with pleasure, and lengthen our days.

A C A N T A T A,

Composed for the LUNARIAN ANNIVERSARY, Aug. 1,

Being the day of the Accession of the Hannoverian
Family to the Throne of Great Britain.

By Brother. NICHOLLS.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Britons, for you the mighty gods decreed,
This festive day, they from oppression freed.
A sinking land, and in a bigots place,
Planted the source of liberty and grace;
Great Brunswick, whose virtuous race have strove,
In peace and war, to gain the people's love,
To George, my friends, a vocal tribute pay,
Let him be banish'd who rejects the lay.

A I R.

(When Britons first, &c.)

Let others sing the Augustan age,
Or boast the chiefs of Troy or Greece,
Well pleas'd, we read the modern page,
When William blest'd the land with peace.

C H O R U S.

Oft may we celebrate, celebrate with joy,
 This day, and nought our bliss destroy.

When

When bigotry o'erspread the realm;
 And * tonsur'd locusts swarm'd at court;
 The mighty Nassau seiz'd the helm,
 And steer'd the vessel into port,

Cho. Oft may we celebrate, &c.

Great Guelph pursued what he begun,
 Rebellion felt his fatal dart,
 He like great Alcmena's conquering son,
 Stab'd the Hydra to the heart.

Cho. Oft may we celebrate, &c.

To him we owe our faith and laws,
 He nobly conquer'd but to save,
 Can we do less than aid his cause,
 And sing to-day his matchless praisè,

Cho. Oft may we celebrate, &c.

May George with many years be crown'd,
 And virtue all his actions grace,
 May there, 'till rimes no more be found,
 A monarch of the Brunswic race.

Cho. Oft may we celebrate, &c.

* Tonsur'd Locusts alludes to the the Romish Priests, who
 at that time were about in great numbers.

A LUNARIAN CANTATA.

By Brother NICHOLLS.

RECITATIVE.

Cooper advanc'd above the list'ning throng,
 Discharg'd his bumper to the king. A song
 He call'd; Simpson, (whose soul attun'd for mirth)
 Sat near, the order knew full well his worth,
 On him they call, nor was he silent long.
 But thus with chearful face, began his song.

LA

L' A L E G R O.

Come oppress'd with melancholly,
 Forsake, forsake, the train of folly ;
 We've mirth and laughter all the year,
 Sense and friendship center here.
 Here Momus holding both his sides,
 With poignant satire, pride derides,
 The motely creature hangs her head,
 And sculks to envy's snaky bed ;
 If discord come in fair disguise,
 Pallas with her saphire eyes,
 Finds the fiend and drives her hence,
 To herd with lust and impudence.
 Here, if wine inflame the brain,
 Somnus mitigates the pain ; ;
 His opiate drugs are ever sure,
 By Sol's return, to work a cure.
 Here no Bachant dare intrude,
 Nor Priapean vizard lewd.
 Should such scenes offend the eye,
 Pity wou'd melt to sympathy.
 We ne'er with reputation sport,
 Scurrillity, we leave---to court ;
 We ne'er of politicks dispute,
 What's mirth to do with Wilke's or Bute ?
 We aim at all that's debonair,
 And to expunge the storms of care ;
 We sing the fleeting hours away,
 Nor lose a thought of yesterday.

Here

Here if meaness comes we chuse,
 To shun him, with the ass profuse,
 Duplicity, with face demure,
 And fallacy we can't endure.
 But if the youth to sooth dull hours,
 Comes crown'd with fancy's choicest flowers,
 We'll at Luna's hallow'd fane,
 Gladly make him of our train.

A N O D E,

Design'd for the anniversary of the most noble order
 of the BUCKS.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Ye sons of mighty Nimrod, fam'd in story,
 Attend the records of your pristine glory,
 In vocal sounds join the harmonious lay,
 And add new pleasures to the festive day.

A I R.

TUNE, And ten times a day hoop her barrel. &c.

In annals of old,
 Great Bellus we're told,
 Gave a race of most noble condition;
 Who follow'd the chace,
 And health did embrace,
 For toil was their only physician,
 Brave boys &c.,

R E C I T A T I V E.

To them, the fertile plains and shady woods were given,
 With calm content, the rarest gift of heaven,

The

The purple grape their beverage, dear, their meat,
For wine and venison is a god-like treat.

A I R-

Plump Bacchus and Venus their pleasures improv'd,
With spirit they drank and with vigour they lov'd;
The grandsons of Noah, were strangers to pain,
For when tir'd of loving, they hunted again.

R E C I T A T I V E.

From men like these, our ancient order rose,
To rancorous spleen and discord ever foes;
Gay as the enliv'ning sun their splendour shone.
And here in Britain, Arthur fix'd their throne;
In desert wilds obscure, they wander'd long,
Nor drank the potent juice nor heard the inspiring song,
But happier times restor'd them to this Isle,
Where beauty, arms and arts with lustre smiles;
Arabs, Euphrates, Babylonians all,
Heard freedom's voice, and strait obey'd the call,
Here fix'd their tents, where boundless plenty reigns,
Unknown to Afric's sands, or Asia's sun-burnt plains.

A I R.]

TUNE. To you ladies now at land, &c.
Hail happy Britain, favourite Isle,

Where commerce rears her head;
And joyous Buck, in freedom smile,
While tyranny lies dead;

Protect thy sons---their wealth encrease,
And crown each lodge with joy and peace,"

With a fal, la!, &c.

KE

R E C I T A T I V E.

Rise, Brothers rise, each give his friendly hand,
The toast is Britain's King, and our most noble Grand.

A I R.

TUNE, The was was a jolly blade, &c.]
Ye sons of liberty,
In chorus join with me,
To the health of our Noble Grand;
And may each brother be,
Gay, innocent and free,
And Bucks be rever'd throughout the land.
Let joy and mirth be here,
To crown the circling year,
And staunch to order stand;
We'll gaily drink and sing.
Till we make the ceiling ring,
'Tis the health of our Noble Grand.
Like Nimrod he'll appear,
When seated in his chair,
And his council around him stand;
May peace and order reign,
To crown the happy train,
Of ----- our Noble Grand.

C H O R U S.

Ye sons of liberty,
In chorus join with me,
To the health of our Noble Grand;
And may each brother be,
Gay, innocent and free.
And Bucks be rever'd thro' the land,

A MASTER MASON'S SONG.

Adam the first of human kind,
 Created with geometry,
 Imprinted on his royal mind,
 Instructed soon his progeny ;
 Cain and Seth, who thus improv'd,
 The liberal science in the art
 Of architecture, which they lov'd,
 And to their offspring did impart.

Cain a city fair and strong
 First built, and call'd it conserate,
 From Enoch's name his eldest son,
 Which all his race did imitate ;
 By goodly Enoch of Seth's loins,
 Two columns rais'd with mighty skill,
 And all his family enjoins,
 True colonading to fullfil,

Our father Noah, next appear'd,
 A Mason too, divinely taught,
 And by divine command, up-rear'd
 The Ark, that held a goodly freight,
 'Twas by true gemetry.

A piece of architecture fine,
 Help'd by his sons, in number three,
 Concurring in the grand design.

So from the general, none
 Were sacred, but the Masons and their wives,
 And all mankind from them alone,
 Descending, architecture strives

To

Fit to disperse and fill the earth,
 Ishnar's large and lovely plain,
 To Masonry gave birth.

For most of mankind were employ'd,
 To build the city and the tow'r ;
 The genial lodge was over-joy'd,
 In these effects of Masons pow'r,
 Till vain ambition did provoke,
 Their Maker to confound their plot,
 Yet tho' with tongues confus'd they spoke,
 The learned art they ne'er forgot.

C H O R U S.

Who can unfold the royal arts,
 Or sing its secrets in a song ;
 They are safely kept in Masons hearts,
 And to the antient lodge belong.

P A R T II.

Thus when from Babel they dispers'd,
 In colonies to distant climes ;
 All Masons true who could rehearse.
 Their works to those of after times,
 King Nimrod, fortified his realm
 By castles, towers and city's fair ;
 Mizraim who ruled at Egypt's helm,
 Built pyramids stupendous there.
 Not Japhet and his gallant breed
 Did in his Masonry prevail ;

M

N

Nor Shem and those that did succeed,
 To promis'd blessings by entail,
 For father Abraham brought from Ur,
 Geometry the science good,
 Which he revealed without demur,
 To all descending from his blood.

Nay Jacob's race at length were taught,
 To lay aside the shepherd's crook,
 To use geometry were brought,
 Whilst under Pharoah's cruel yoke,
 Till Moses master Mason rose
 And led the holy lodge from thence,
 All Masons train'd, to whom he chose,
 His curious learning to dispense.

Aholibah and Bazebe,
 Inspired men the tent up-reared,
 Where the Shechinah chose to dwell,
 And geometrick skill appeared,
 And when these valiant Masons fill'd
 Canaan, the learn'd Phœnecians knew,
 The tribes of Israel better skill'd,
 In architecture firm and true.

Fair Dagon's house in Goa's town,
 Artfully prop'd by pillars two,
 By Sampson's mighty arms pull'd down,
 On lords Philistian, whom it slew :
 Tho' 'twas the finest fabrick rais'd,
 By Canaan's sons, could not compare,
 With the Creator's temple rais'd,
 For glorious strength and structure.

But

But here we stop a while to toast,
 Our master's health and warden's both,
 And warn you all to shun the coast,
 Of Sampson's shipwreck'd fame and troth;
 His secrets to his wife disclos'd,
 His strength was fled, his courage tam'd;
 To cruel foes he was expos'd,
 And never was a Mason nam'd.

C H O R U S.

Who can unfold the royal art,
 Or sing its secrets in a song;
 They're safely kept in Mason's heart
 And to the ancient lodge belong.

P A R T III.

We sing of ancient Mason's fame,
 When fourscore thousand craftsmen stood,
 Under their masters of great fame,
 Three thousand and six hundred good
 Employ'd by Solomon the fire,
 And general master Mason too,
 As Hiram was in stately Tire,
 Like Salem built by Masons true.
 The royal art was then divine,
 The craftsmen counsel'd from above,
 The Temple did all works outshine,
 The wondering world did all approve,
 Ingenious men, from every place,
 Came to survey the glorious pile,

And when return'd began to trace.

And imitate the lofty stile.

At length the Grecians came to know,

Geometry, and learn'd the art,

Which great Pythagoras did show,

And glorious Euclid did impart ;

The amazing Archimedes too,

And many other scholars good,

Till ancient Romans did review,

The art and science understood.

But when proud Asia they quell'd,

And Greece and Egypt overcome,

In architecture they excell'd,

And brought them all to Rome ;

Where Vitruvius, master prime,

Of architects the art improv'd,

In great Augustus' peaceful time,

When arts and artists were belov'd

They brought their knowledge from the east,

And as they made the nations yield,

They spread it thro' the north and west,

And taught the world the art to build ;

Witness their citadels and towers,

To fortify their legions fine,

Their temples, palaces, and bowers,

That spoke the Masons grand designs.

Thus mighty eastern kings, and some

Of Abraham's race, and monarchs good,

Or

Of Egypt, Syria, Greece and Rome,
 True architecture understood ;
 No wonder then, if Masons join,
 To celebrate those Mason kings,
 With solemn note and flowing wine,
 Whilst every brother jointly sings.

C H O R U S.

Who can unfold the royal arts,
 Or sing its secrets in a song,
 They're safely kept in Masons hearts,
 And to this ancient lodge belong.

P A R T IV.

Oh, glorious days for Masons wife,
 O'er all the Roman empire, when
 Their fame resounding to the skies,
 Proclaim'd them good and useful men ;
 For many ages thus employ'd,
 Until the Goth with war-like rage,
 And brutal ignorance destroy'd,
 The will of many a learned age.
 But when they conquering were brought,
 T'embrace the Christian faith they found,
 The folly that their fathers wrought,
 In loss of architecture found,
 At length their zeal for stately fanes,
 And wealthy grandeur when at peace,
 Made them exert their utmost pains,
 Their Gothick buildings to upraise.

Thus many a sumptuous lofty pile,
 Was raised in every christian land,
 Tho' not conform'd to Roman stile,
 Yet which did reverence command.
 The king and craft agreeing still,
 In well formed lodges to supply,
 The mournful want of Roman skill,
 With their new sort of Mason'ry.

For many ages this prevails,
 Their work is architecture deem'd,
 In England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales,
 The craftsmen highly are esteemed.
 By King's as masters of the lodge,
 By many a wealthy noble peer,
 By lord and laird, by priest and judge,
 By all the people every where.

So Masons ancient records tell,
 King Athelstan of Saxon blood,
 Gave them a charter free to dwell,
 In lofty lodge, with orders good,
 Drawn from old writings by his son;
 Prince Edwin, general master bright,
 Who met at York the brethren soon,
 And to that lodge did all recite.

Thence were their laws and charges fine,
 In every reign, observ'd with care,
 Of Saxon, Danish, Norman line,
 Till British crowns united were,

The

The monarch first, of the whole isle,
Was learned James, a Mason king,
Who first of kings, reviv'd the stile,
Of great Augustus therefore sing.

C H O R U S.

Who can unfold the royal art,
Or sing its secrets in a song,
They're safely kept in Masons hearts,
And to this ancient lodge belong.

P A R T V.

Thus tho' in Italy the art,
From Gothick rubbish first was rais'd,
And great Palladio did impart,
A stile by Masons justly prais'd,
His mighty rival Jones,
Of British architects the prime,
Did build such glorious heaps of stones,
As ne'er were match'd since Cesar's time.
King Charles the first, a Mason too.
With several peers and wealthy men,
Employ'd him and his craftsmen true,
Till wretched civil wars began;
But after peace and crown restor'd,
Tho' London was in ashes laid,
By Masons art and good accord,
A finer London rear'd its head.

King

King Charles the second, raised then,
 The finest column on the earth,
 Founded St. Paul's, that stately fane,
 And royal 'Change, with joy and mirth;
 But afterward the lodges fail'd,
 'Till great Nassau the taste reviv'd,
 Whose great example so prevail'd
 That ever since the art has thriv'd.
 Let other nations boast at will,
 Great Britain, will now yeild to none,
 For true geometry and skill,
 In building, timber, brick and stone,
 For curious lodges, where we find,
 For architecture of each sort,
 The noble and the wise resort,
 And drink with craftsmen true and kind.
 Then let good brethren all rejoice,
 And fill our glass with chearful heart,
 Let them express with chearful voice,
 The praises of the wond'rous art.
 Let every brothers health go round,
 Who proves a Mason just and wise,
 And let our master's fame resound,
 The noble ----- to the skies.

CHORUS.

Who can unfold the royal art,
 Or sing its secrets in a song,
 They're safely kept in Masons hearts,
 And to this ancient lodge belong. The

The WARDEN'S SONG.

When e'er we are alone,
 And every stranger gone,
 In summer, autumn, winter, spring,
 Begin to play, begin to sing,
 The mighty genius of the lofty lodge;
 In every age,
 That did engage,
 And well inspired the prince, the priest, the judge,
 The noble and the wise to join,
 In rearing Free Mason's design.
 The grand design to rear,
 Was ever Mason's care,
 From Adam down before the flood,
 Whose art Old Noah understood,
 And did impart to Japhet, Shem and Ham,
 Who taught their race
 To build apace,
 Proud Babel's town and tower, until it came
 To be admir'd too much, and then,
 Dispersed were the sons of men.
 But tho' their tongues confus'd,
 In distant climes they us'd,
 They brought from Shina orders good,
 To rear the art they understood,
 Therefore sing first, the princes of the isle;
 Next Belus great,
 Who fix'd his seat,
 In Old Assyria, building stately piles,

And Mizraim pyramids among,
 The other subjects of our song,
 And Shem, who did instill,
 The useful wond'rous skill,
 Into the minds of nations great,
 And Abram next, who did relate
 Th' Assyrian learning to his sons, that when
 In Egypt's land,
 By Pharoah's hand
 Were roughly taught, to be most skilful men,
 'Till their grand master 'rose,
 And them deliver'd from their foes,
 But who can sing his praise,
 Who did the tent upraise ;
 Then sing, his workmen true as steel,
 Aboliah and Bazaleel,
 Sing Tyre, and Sidon, and Phenecians old ;
 But Sampson blot,
 His name forget,
 He blab'd his secrets to his wife, who sold
 Her husband, who at last pull'd down
 The house on all in Gaza's town.
 But Solomon the king,
 With solemn note we sing,
 Who rear'd to length the grand design,
 By wealth and power, and art divine ;
 Help'd by the learned Hiram, Tyrian prince,
 By craftsmen good,
 That understood,
 Wise Hiram Abif's charming influence,

He

He aided Jewish masters bright,
 Whose curious work none can recite.
 These glorious Mason kings,
 Each thankful brother sings,
 Who to its zenith rais'd the art,
 And to all nations did impart,
 The useful skill from the temple fine ;
 To every land,
 And foreign strand,
 The craftsmen march'd and taught the grand design,
 Of which the kings with mighty peers,
 And learned men were overseers,
 Diana's temple next,
 In Lesser Asia fix'd,
 And Babylon's proud walls, the seat
 Of Nebuchadnezzar the great ;
 The tomb of Mausolus, the Carian king,
 With many a pile,
 Of lofty stile,
 In Africa and Great Asia sing,
 In Greece, in Sicily and Rome,
 That had these nations overcome.

A F R E E M A S O N ' s S O N G .

Come let us prepare,
 We brothers that are,
 Assembled on a merry occasion,
 Let's drink, laugh and sing,
 Our wine has a spring,
 Here's a health to an Accepted Mason.
 Let's drink, &c.

The

The world is in pain,
 Our secrets to gain,
 And still let them wonder and gaze on,
 They ne'er can divine,
 The word or the sign,
 Of a Free and Accepted Mason.
 They ne'er can &c.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
 They cannot tell what,
 Why so many great men in the nation,
 Should aprons put on,
 And make themselves one
 With a Free and Accepted Mason.
 Should apron, &c.

Great kings, dukes and lords,
 Have laid by their swords,
 Our mystery to put a bright face on,
 And ne'er been ashamed,
 To hear themselves nam'd,
 With a Free and Accepted Mason.
 And ne'er been, &c.

Antiquities pride,
 We have on our side,
 It maketh men just in their station,
 There's nought but what's good,
 To be understood,
 By a Free and Accepted Mason.
 There's nought, &c.

Then join hand in hand,
 To each other firm stand,

Let's

Let's be merry, and put a bright face on,
 What mortals can boast,
 So noble a toast,
 As a Free and Accepted Mason.
 What mortal, &c.
 We're true and sincere,
 We're just to the fair,
 Who will trust us on ev'ry occasion,
 No mortals can more,
 The ladies adore,
 Than a Free and Accepted Mason.
 No mortals, &c.

The COURTSHIP.

A beautiful lady from fair London town,
 Was wo'd by a Frenchman, a Teague and a Clown,
 With others who fain would be bone of her bone,
 And the courtship, gentlefolks I'll to you relate,
 The first that appear'd was a man of the mode,
 A Frenchman by birth, Spitalfields his abode,
 He address'd this fair lady e'en taste alamode.
 And thus he said,

Madame, you be de very pretty lady dat I ever saw in
 all my life; you make my very heart jump for joy, to
 see dat taper waist, dat lilly vite hand, dese snowy vite
 bubbies: by gar madame, you eyes be de two burning
 glasses dat set my soul on fire! eh, madame, me die for
 love of you, just now presently, eh, madame, me will
 love you, and me will marry you.

N

The

The next was a Teague, from Dublin came o'er,
 Quite proud to set foot on Britannia's great shore,
 Ah hone, my foul, he was devilish proud, and damnable poor,
 And thus he said;

Arrah by my shoul dear honey joy now madam, if you
 was in Dublin city, I'd be after swearing you was one
 of the finest ladies in all London, setting aside my lord
 lieutenant and two or three thousand more; look you
 dear joy, I am as great as any man in Ireland, look you, I
 brought over with me from Dublin city its own self, as
 much money as you and yourself can carry; I have a
 present of a ring with a diamond in the middle of it, as
 big as a potatoe, and the devil take my shoul dear honey
 if I don't make you as good a husband as no man living.

Fol de rol, &c.

The next that appear'd was a quaker so prim,
 With his primitive face and very broad brim,
 He address this fair lady without moving a limb,
 And thus he said,

Fair lump of earth, shun the addresses of the profane,
 and fly the wickedness of this our Babylon; look un-
 towards me, even as I look untowards thee, in the spirit
 of truth, in the spirit of faithfulness; fain would I
 have thee become bone of my bone, yea and I would
 raise seed unto thee, yea, and thou shalt prove fruitful
 as the tender vine, which groweth by the water-side,
 even so say I, Ezekiel Zacharias Humph.

Tol de rol, &c.

The

The next that appear'd was a terrible blade,
 If so we may say, was a soldier by trade,
 He swore that no other, this lady should wed,

For z---ds and blood, fire and sword, madam, my name
 is captain Flash, and if e'er I meet my rival in your beau-
 ty, I'll stick him against the wall, slay thousands, ma-
 dam, to make you smile, cut off their legs and make
 them dance on their stumps to give you joy, I m noble
 and great as Cesar, damme. Tol. lol. &c.

The next that appear'd was a Devonshire clown,
 Who to court this fine lady was sent up to to town,
 He made a low bow, and then set himself down,
 And thus he said,

Ads woons and heart, vair maid, yous main vine in your
 lac'd lappets and filken gown, Ise know not how to
 court such a vine lady as you, not I ; Ise e'en go into
 my own country and ask vather, adfwoons, if you was
 down in our town, vather must e'en take down one zide
 on's house to let you in : oddlikens, there are eyes as
 black as foot, cheeks as red as hung beef, and bubbies
 as soft as good vat bacon, an so to make no more bones
 on't, an you'll have me, why I'll have you, an that's all
 that I can zay to the matter, vair mistress,

Tol. lol. &c.

The next that appear'd was a jolly brisk tar,
 From Admiral Pocock enrich'd, by the war,
 And he of all others thought himself on a par,
 And thus he said,

N 2

Well,

Well, my heart, we are now within gun-shot of each other, you may as well bring too, and let the parson lash us both together, here am I that says it, that ought not to say it, as well rig'd as any man in London, by G---d thou art a tight little frigate, and well rig'd too; now, if you was gnnnel deep in a good feather bed, and I along side of you, if not a head of me, I'd croud all the sail I could to come up with you, I'd board your poop, lash my main yard fast to your larboard quarter, and if I did'nt find out your gang-way, damme.

THE POLITICAL SPORTSMAN.

Hark, hark! parson Horn calls the patriots abroad,

To his cries my brave boys and away,

Britannia's deep wounds and fair liberty's cause,

Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we feel in so glorious a cause,

To covert each traitor now flies,

Follow, follow, we'll soon overtake them, huzza.

The victims are seiz'd on and dies.

Britannia returning with conquest compleat,

Like Britons be stout and be gay,

How sweet the repose of so noble a toil,

Again shall fair union display,

With peace, love and wine, future statesmen defy,

The transports of freedom is ours,

Since life without liberty's nought but a jest,

Let's strew the way over with flowers.

The

The honest COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN.

A new Common-council-man, a spirited fellow,
When sober. a prince, and a monarch when mellow,
Whatever he thought, he with confidence utter'd,
And despis'd the poor fool who his sentiments mutter'd.
Derry down, down, derry down.

He liberty loves, in the laws he delights,
Would have British electors defend all their rights,
He abhors the mean slave who would publish a poll,
And city addressers detests from his soul.
Derry down.

With raptures he mentions the name of our mayor,
To Beckford's long life was this man's daily prayer,
And Townsend and Sawbridge demands his esteem,
Who liberty lost, are resolv'd to redeem.
Derry down.

Let Taylors in council here measure advise,
Such wretches as those he has learn'd to despise,
Let goldsmiths and grocers 'gainst laws make a pother,
Confusion to them, and the fam'd city mother.
Derry down.

Was it not to a citizen justly provoking,
When Harley and Allsop confess'd themselves joking,
But they who have interest only in view,
Are always in jest for they never speak true.
Derry down.

But the true hearted boys who contend for our laws,
In defence of our freedom, and each noble cause,

Are ever in earnest. whilst noodles are jesting,
And dare to remonstrate, in spite of protesting
Derry down, down, down derry down.

C O N T E N T.

O'er moor lands and mountains rude, barren and bare,
As wilder'd and weary I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess hear's me despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home ;
Yellow shea's from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We fate ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits---and she cull'd me the best,
Whilst thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love flily stole into my breast ;
I told my soft wishes---she sweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins her voice was divine)
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her hair was so modest, her aspect so meek;
So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
I kiss'd the ripe roses that grow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms ;
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if on the banks by the stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dreams,

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock where the streamlet distills,
 And mark out new things for my muse ;
 To pomp or proud splendor she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel of humble descent,
 The cottager's peace is well known for her fire,
 And the shepherds have nam'd her Content.

The Origin of ENGLISH LIBERTY.

Once the gods of the Greeks, at an ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing,
 Merry Momus among them was sat as a guest,
 Homer says the cœlestials lov'd laughing,
 On each in the Synod the humourists droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove,
 He sung, reparte'd, and smart stories told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove,
 Sire Atlas who long had the universe bore,
 Grows grievously tir'd of late,
 He says that mankind are much worse than before,
 So he beg'd to be eas'd of his weight,
 Jove knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,
 Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world.
 And she hung it up high in his hall.
 Miss pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,
 To see what each climate was worth,

Like

Like a diamond the whole with an atmosphere crown'd,
 And she variously planted the earth,
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India bestow'd,
 Franc and Spain she taught vineyards to rear,
 What suited each clime, on each clime she bestow'd,
 And freedom she found flourish'd here.
 For cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root,
 The blossoms of liberty gayley did smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit :
 Thus fed and thus bred, from her bounty so rare,
 Or preserve it as free as 'twas given,
 We will while we've breath, nay we'll grasp it in death,
 Then return it untainted to heaven.

A N E W S O N G.

Push about the brisk bowl, I proclaim him an ass,
 That at cares of the world can repine,
 'Twas our sorrow to drown'd and dispel fortunes frown,
 Jove sent us, Jove sent us, the juice of the vine ;
 'Tis but this in all sects true friendship protects.
 And eradicates the lamp of our clay,
 This the parson's looks teach, tho' against it they preach.
 So regard them, regard them, who pleases, I say.
 'Tis not long ago since a vicar we know,
 But whose name 'tis ungodly to tell,
 Round the bottle and bowl sat many a good soul,
 Full of glee, till ding dong, went the bell ;
 Then heaving a hick-up, and chair with a kick-up,
 I must go, or the church will complain, But

But friends don't think me rude, I swear by my priest-
 I'll just preach, and be with you again. [hood
 So the parson went strait, tho' he stagger'd in gait,
 With his sermon in mem'ry's large chest.
 To the pulpit he rose but soon fell in a dose,
 And roar'd excellent wine, I protest!
 The whole congregation, in great consternation,
 Left the church with a sigh at the cause,
 But the clerk more devout, cry'd, Sir, Sir, they're all out,
 O then fill them again, my brave boys
 Tho' the law has design'd, justice should be blind,
 She'll peep, if self-int'rest but call,
 And I'm certain you wou'd, with a hog's head that's good,
 Bribe the council, judge, jury and all;
 I was one of the quest, on a man gone to rest,
 And said felo-de-se, if it is so,
 Cry'd the first of the Jury, and damn'd like a fury,
 Sir, not your fellow, I'd have you to know.
 I once kept a kind miss, and surpriz'd her with bliss,
 With a quaker. a cuckoldy knave,
 Why how now false punk,, oh my dear I was drunk
 As she reasoned so well, I forgave,
 If to drink be a fault, for so we are all taught,
 And old Noah would tipple they say,
 Then we gather from hence, that all mortals of sense,
 Should be sons of old Noah, huzza.

The

The OLD WIG.

A tonfor renown'd for his puff and his parts,
 Who has gain'd far and near, all the pretty maid's hearts,
 By Cupid was punish'd for running his rig,
 And his heart set in flames for Miss Patty's old wig.
 And his heart, &c.

His passion at first made him pipe all the day,
 'Till paper'd his mind he to her did say,
 In words sweet as oil, the meaning quite big,
 Humbly begging the honour to flux her old wig.
 Humbly begging the, &c.

He next powder'd his cloak and approach'd the fair maid,
 And keen as a razor was all that he said;
 Yet scornful at last she despis'd all his gig,
 And told him he never should flux her old wig.
 And told him, &c.

But not quite dismayed with the nymphs first denial,
 With his pole and his wash-balls he propos'd a trial,
 So down on the bed he implor'd her to lig.
 For by Jove, he declar'd he would flux her old wig.
 For by Jove, &c.

Be gone, cry'd the lass, with your wash-ball and pole,
 I hate and detest them, I do, on my soul;
 No longer pursue like an obstinate pig,
 For you never shall buckle or flux my old wig,
 For you never, &c.

Yet still he went on and insisted to see,
 If a new-fashion'd way he could dress her toupee,

He

He begg'd she'd not think him a frib'ling prig,
For many well knew he could flux an old wig

For many well knew, &c.

The nymph now grew tir'd, her virtue grew slack,
And the barber soon tumbled her down on her back,
From love's luscious bason took a fine swig,
And finely he fluxed and oiled her wig.

And finely, &c.

The business once over, the lass lik'd the sport,
But the shaver took leave, strait another to court,
His end he has gain'd, so he cares not a fig,
The d---l for him. may now flux her old wig.

The d---l for him, &c.

The O L D H A T.

To Chloe young Damon had long told his tale,
Yet over her virtue could never prevail,
He prais'd her, he prefs'd her, he kiss'd and all that,
Yet she vow'd that he never should touch her old hat,

Touch her old hat, touch her old hat,

Yet she vow'd that he never shou'd touch her old hat.

It happen'd he met her one day in the grove,
He prefs'd her, and told her again of his love;
Yet still she cry'd fye, Sir, what would you be at,
Do you think that you ever shall touch my old hat,

Touch my old hat, &c.

The place was inviting no creature was near,
And Damon determined to cast away fear,

And

And while his heart danced in his breast pit-a-pat,
He swore by young Cupid he'd feel her old hat.

He swore by young, &c,
The nymph now alarmed, struggl'd, threaten'd and swore
And said all she could to escape from his power,
His end she declar'd he should never come at,
And vow'd she should die if he touch'd her old hat,
And vow'd, &c.

Yet all was in vain his passion grew strong,
On the grass he then laid mistress Chloe along,
But still she cry'd, fye, Sir, what would you be at,
Oh, ! rot ye, Oh, curse ye, you'll tear my old hat.
Oh, rot ye, &c.

The youth gain'd his point and since the fair maid,
Of Damon, has not been so forely afraid,
She seldom enquires what he would be at,
So he does what he pleases with Chloe's old hat.
So he does what he pleases, &c.

Madam Chloe affects now more to be coy,
But willing as Damon will push for the joy ;
Now Damon's strong passion is grown somewhat flat,
Since he finds her as easy as any old hat.
Since he finds her, &c.

THE JOLLY FISHMONGER.

A jolly young Fishmonger liv'd in the Strand,
As merry a Grig as was known in the land,
For when at the Dolphin around the full bowl,
He would drink like a fish, and was reckon'd a soul.

Derry down, &c.
His

His heart that had been for twice fifteen years,
 As found as a roach, was, he found touch'd at last,
 With an arrow as sharp as a hook it is said,
 Cupid caught him and made him in love with a maid.
 This damsel might then a bright beauty be fill'd,
 Her cheeks were as red as a lobster when boil'd,
 Her eyes too, as learned historians remark,
 Shone just like two whittings when plac'd in the dark.
 When he ask'd the question at first she seem'd coy,
 And vow'd that no mortal her ling should enjoy,
 And when her soft bosom he offer'd to feel,
 She dab'd him and slip'd through his hand like an eel.
 At length by intreaty the jade grew so free,
 She strok'd his fat gills as she sat on his knee,
 And what too perhaps you may think very odd,
 She always delighted to play with his cod.
 It happen'd one day in a good humour he found her,
 He caught her and laid her as flat as a flounder,
 Then did what he pleas'd in a loving embrace,
 Would you not wish for to be in his place. [out
 Some months had roll'd on when the neighbours finelt
 What Jack and his hand-maid had both been about,
 They giggled and pointed, and cry'd out in scorn,
 A thornback has got a red herring with spawn.

THE POLITICAL BAGPIPER.

Bra' Johnny Boot was a bonny muckle mon,
 Fra Scotland he came wi his broad sword in hand,

O

He

He came at the head of a bonny muckle clan,
 Who the de'il could his muckle suit withstand,
 He look'd so neat,
 And kiss'd so sweet,
 That a dame of renown soon gave ear to his suit,
 Then his pipe he lug'd out,
 And ye need not doubt,
 But a concert he play'd with her German flute,
 Quoth he bonny lassie your flute gangs weel,
 And keeps gude time with my bagpipe cleat,
 Sic mufic as this sure ne'er can fail,
 In time to accord with an English ear,
 For what mufic so sweet,
 Or what harmony compleat,
 As a bagpipe join'd with a German flute,
 Then turning up her eyes,
 Strait the muckle dame replies,
 When the bagpipe is play'd by my Johny o' Boot.
 Play away bonny lad I've good store of gold,
 Your bag shall be full while your pipe it can play,
 You ne'er shall return to a climate so cold,
 For your kisses are warmer and sweeter than May,
 Quoth he do not mourn,
 For I ne'er will return,
 Whilst here I can taste of the golden fruit,
 Then his pipe he assay'd,
 And another lilt he play'd,
 In concert sweet with her German flute.
 Away

Away English fools ye no more shall pretend,
 In music to vie with a bonny highland mon,
 No more shall the lasses of England commend,
 The sam'd Irish jig, when compar'd to my John,
 For a quick merry strain,
 That enlivens each vein,

Who the de'il with a Scotchman shall ever dispute,
 But a bagpipe alone,
 Has too much of the drone.

And needs must be join'd by my German flute.

Come on bonny lads, with pleasure advance.

Your poor empty srips and your wallets disown,
 John a Boot bears the bell, Sir, and leads up the dance,
 In the grand masquerade at the thistle and crown,
 There sweet-meats and wine.

Shall entreat you to dine,
 Your hunger aswage and your spirits recruit;
 While more soft to the ear,
 Hark, the bagpipe so clear,

In concert resound with the German flute.

A fine English fiddle accords to the strain,
 A better sure never was play'd on before,
 The French-horn at a distance would join it amain,
 And the Spanish guittar play an overture in score,
 But woe to the land,
 If they join in the band,

Soon the fiddle wou'd break and fiddle stick to boot,
 For an Englishman born,
 Should despise a French horn,
 Tho' his ear may be tickled by the German flute.

R U L E B R I T A N N I A.

When Britain first at heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain.
 Rule Britannia, Britainnia rule the waves,
 For Briton's never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest'd as thee,
 Shall in their turns to tyrants fall,
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all,
 Rule Britainnia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak,
 Rule Britainnia, &c.

The haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
 All their attempts to pull thee down,
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown,
 Rule Britainnia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine, All

All thine, shall be the subject main,
And every shore en-circle thine,
Rule Britannia,

The muses still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

C H O R U S.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Briton's never shall be slaves.

SPARKLING CHAMPAIGN.

Ye dull thinking souls who by troubles are press'd,
That are strangers alike both to joy and to rest,
Adhere to my maxims, I'll teach you the way,
To be ever contented, good-humour'd and gay,
No remedy's surer to drive away pain,
Than a bumper of claret or sparkling champaign,
Sparkling champaign,
Than a bumper of claret or sparkling champaign,
Ye lovers who live by the smiles of the fair,
Whom a frown from your mistress can drive to despair,
Should the chance to prove peevish, ill-natur'd or shy,
Why leave her alone, or flatter and sigh,
Despise all her arts and forget her disdain,
In a bumper of claret or sparkling champaign,
Sparkling champaign,
In a bumper of claret or sparkling champaign.

When the husband is jealous, or dull or unkind,
Let his spouse give him this, and she'll suddenly find,
His mind 'twill enliven, his care 'twill remove,
And wake in his bosom the transports of love ;
At a charge so inviteing what wife can refrain,
From blessing the virtue of sparkling champaign.
Sparkling champaign,
From blessing the virtue of sparkling champaign.

A NEW SONG.

John Appleby was the man's name,
And he liv'd at the sign of the kettle,
His wife she was call'd Quiet Joan.
Because she could scold but little;
John to the ale-house would go,
Joan to the tavern would run,
John would get drunk with the women,
Joan would get drunk with the men,
Tol. lol, de rol, &c.

John would spend his own two-pence,
And Joan would spend her groat,
Joan would pawn her best jacket,
And John would pawn his best coat,
John set the pottage pot by,
Joan sent the brass kettle to sell,
The money came readily in,
And they merrily spent it in ale,
Tol, de rol, &c.

Thou

Thou art a base huffey, says John,

For selling my pewter and brass,

And thou art a cuckold, says Joan,

For thy ears are as long as an ass;

I'll bang thee huffey, says John,

If you give me another cross word;

And for thy fury and vapours,

I tell thee, I care not a t---d.

Tol, de rol, &c.

John he was no great eater,

And Joan she was no glutton,

And for to pickle their throats,

They bought them a shoulder of mutton;

John in an angry mood,

Took the mutton in his hand,

And out of the window he threw it,

But Joan she was at a stand.

Tol, de rol, &c.

Joan she was at a stand,

But of it she made no matter,

Immediately took in her hand,

And after it threw the platter;

An old woman coming by,

And seeing the the mutton lay,

Catch'd up the platter and mutton,

And with them she ran away.

Tol, de rol, &c.

The neighbours came running in,

And thinking to end the quarrel,

But

But before they had half done,
 They left ne'er a drop in the barrel;
 They bang'd the barrel about,
 Pull'd out the spiggot too,
 For we'll get drunk to night,
 For what have we else to do.
 Tol, de rol, &c.

A. N. E. W. S. O. N. G.

The greatest of blessings of life as we pass,
 Is a brush in a chimney and cherishing glass.
 To heighten our spirits and cause them to flow,
 And give us fresh vigour to sweep as we go,
 Tho' I sweep too and fro' I'd have you to know,
 We all love to sweep in the chimney below.

My lady she sweeps with the steward you know,
 My lord he sweeps with the d---l knows who,
 There's Johnny sweeps Betty, and Betty sweeps John,
 And thro' the parlour and kitchen doth it run.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

Here's a chimney from Germany, if you'll presume,
 To sweep it, why then, you must bring a Scotch broom,
 Whose handle is tall, and first had its root,
 'Tween a couple of stones, in the island of B--te.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

The chimney so tempting each night to be seen,
 By the pains that they take you'd swear they were clean,
 But

But be not deceiv'd, for 'tis true, by my foul;
For by frequently sweeping, they often grow foul.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

The fair city dames now think mean for to go,
To Haberdasher's-hall, but must hie to Soho,
And challenge at sweeping, my lady or grace,
For they'll handle a broom with the best in the place.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

Here's sweeping above stairs and sweeping below,
And the merchant he sweeps his maid Sally, you know,
And Sall sweeps the clerk, and she tells him the fun,
And the clerk he tells madam, who sweeps in return.

Tho' I sweep, &c.

Thus we sweep and are swept. as thro' life we pass,
May it still be the comfort and toast of each glass:
It's a custom so ancient, so pleasing a sport,
Besides, it's the fashion; to follow the court.

Tho I sweep, &c.

SOMETHING NEW.

Among all the arts to please we pursue,
Our surest success still attends on what's new,
'Tis novelty pleases alike one and all,
The highest, the lowest, the great and the small,
To your services bound, to your pleasure still true,
We humbly now offer you something that's new.
To obtain this great point tho' often we try,
Our flower-dress'd sonnets soon languish and die,

The

The soft arts of love and the heroes due praise,
 Have long been worn out and unfit for our lays,
 Yet still as your pleasure is all we've in view,
 What we offer at present we hope will be new.
 Ye wits and ye critics, ye belles and ye beaux,
 Ye lovers of wine and ye lovers of cloaths
 Ye lovers of woman, of rattle and wit,
 To each and to all our song now is writ
 To please all alike, we strive now to do,
 Which if we effect, will be something new.
 When the wits seem to censure the unthinking age,
 When critics in praise of the moderns engage,
 When fops cease admiring their dress and their parts,
 When belles cease their ogleing and angling for hearts,
 When the toper his bottle shall cease to pursue,
 Ye all must agree it will be something new
 When gamesters grow honest and quitcards and dice,
 When prudes shall cease calling of wenching a vice,
 When tattlers shall cease at each other to rail,
 And truth, honest truth, shall o'er slander prevail,
 When all married folks to each other prove true,
 You will readily cry, this is something new.
 When the laughter shall cease to be pleas'd at a joke
 When the courage of bragers shall cease to be smock,
 When misers forget their old hoards to encrease,
 When party, and rage thro' the nation shall cease,
 When all this shall happen, I doubt not but you,
 Will strait clap your hands, and this is true.

ANA-

ANACREON.

RECITATIVE.

The festive board was met the social band,
 Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent stand;
 My sons (began the sage) be this the rule,
 No brow austere, must dare approach my school,
 Where Love and Bacchus jointly reign within,
 Old care, begone, here sadness is a sin.

A I R.

Tell me not the joys that wait,
 On him that's learned. or him that's great,
 Wealth and wisdom I despise,
 Cares surround the rich and wise;
 The queen that gave soft wishes birth,
 And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
 Me their friend and favourite own,
 I was born for them alone,
 Business, title, pomp and state,
 Give them to the fools I hate,
 But let love and life be mine,
 Bring me woman, bring me wine,
 Speed the dancing hours away,
 Mind not what the grave-ones say,
 Gaily let the minutes fly,
 In wit and freedom, love and joy;
 So shall love, shall life be mine,
 Bring me woman bring me wine.

The

The CONTENTED MILLER,

In a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
 With a mill and some meadows, of a freehold estate,
 A well meaning miller, by labour supplies,
 Those blessings which nature to grand ones denies,
 No passion to plague him, no cares to torment him,
 His constant companions are health and content,
 Their lordships in lace, may take note if they will,
 For he's honest tho' daubed with the dust of his mill.
 E're the larks early carrol salutes the new day,
 He springs from his cottage, as jocund as May,
 He chearfully whistles regardless of care,
 Or sings the last ballad, he bought at the fair,
 While the courtiers are toiled, in the cobwebs of state,
 Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great,
 No fraud nor ambition, his bosom does fill,
 Contented he works if there's grist in the mill,
 On Sunday bedeck'd in home spun array,
 At church, he is the loudest to chant or to pray,
 Sit's down to a dinner, of plain English food,
 And tho' simple his pudding his appetite's good,
 At night when the priest and excise-men are gone,
 He quaffs in the alehouse, with Roger and John,
 Then returns to his pillow and dreams of no ill,
 No monarch's more blest'd than the man of the mill,

The

The IRISH HUNT,

Hark, hark, jolly sportsman a while to my tale,
Which to pay your attention, I'm sure cannot fail,
'Tis of lads and of horses, and dogs, that ne'er tire,
O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, brog and brier.

A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis a shrewd if ever you meet with again,
Had Nimrod the mightiest of hunters been there,
'Fore God he'd have shook like an aspin for fear.

In seventeen hundred, forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from illKruddery, in search of a fox.

The Lauglins town landlord, the bold Owen Bray,
And Squire Adair, was with us that day,
Joe Debil, Hall Preston, that huntsman so stout,
Dick Holmes, a few others and so we set out.

We cast of our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton set up a most tunable roar,
Hark to Wanton cry'd Joe, and were not slack,
For Wantons no trifle esteemed in the pack.

Old Bonny and Colliers, came readily in,
And every hound joined in the musical din,
Had Diana been there she'd been pleased to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine, was the time of the day.
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way.

As strong from Killegar, as tho' he could fear none,
 Away he brushed round, by the house of Kilkernan.
 To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherry woods then,
 Steep Shank-hill he climbed and to Ballymanglen,
 Bray commons he cross'd, leapt lord Angleseys wall,
 And seemed to say little, I value you all.

He ran Bush's grove up to Carbury Byrns,
 Joe Dehill, Hall Preston, kept leading by turns,
 The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
 Tho' he might have got in, yet he chose to keep out.

To Malpas high hill's was the way then he flew.
 At Dalkey stone common we had him in view,
 He drove on by Bullock through Shrub Glanagery,
 And so on to Mountown, where Lawrey grew weary.
 Thro' Rochester wood like an arrow he passed,
 And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last,
 There gallantly plung'd himself into the sea,
 And said in his heart sure none dare follow me.

But soon to his cost he perceived that no bounds,
 Could stop the pursuit of the staunch mettled hounds,
 His policy here did not serve him a rush,
 Five couple of tartars, were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift,
 But e'er he could reach the top of the clift,
 He found both of speed and of cunning a lack,
 Being way laid and killed by the rest of the pack.

At his death there were present the lads that I've sung,
 Save Lawrey, who riding a garren was flung,

This

Thus ended at last a most delicate chase,
 That held five hours, and ten minutes space.
 We returned to Kilrudderys plentiful board,
 Where dwells hospitality, truth, and my lord,
 We talked o'er the chace, and we toasted the health,
 Of they who ne'er varied for the places of wealth.
 Owen Bray baulked a leap, says Hall Preston 'twas odd
 'Twas shameful cryed Jack by the great living -----
 Said Preston I hallow'd, get on tho' you fall,
 Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all.
 Each glas was adapted to freedom and sport,
 For party affairs, we consigned to the court,
 Thus we finished the rest of the day and the night,
 In gay flowing bumpers, and social delight.
 Then till the next meeting bid farewell to each brother,
 So some they went one way, and some went the other,
 As Phoebus befriended our earlier roam,
 So Luna took care in conducting us home.

A NEW SONG.

In vain I strive resistless fair,
 To use this silly art,
 While these rebellious eyes declare,
 The secret of my heart.
 Yes matchless maid this falling tear,
 My grief too plainly shews,
 And oft the love created fear,
 Has tortured my repose.

Yet still in silence have I pined,
Till just to madness drove,
And formed Ideas too refin'd
Perhaps to dwell with love.

For if you any youth before,
You've least a distant eye,
Or heard this melting story o'er,
And heaved too soft a sigh.

Though death attend my knowledge there,
I wou'd be undeceived,
And rather meet the worst despair,
Then wish to be reliev'd.

A first admirer may be seen,
With honour too pursue,
But sure a second must be mean,
And should be wretch'd too.

The UNION of LOVE and WINE,

With women and wine I defy every care,
For life without these is a bubble of air,
For life without these, for life without these,
For life without these is a bubble of air.

Each helping the other in pleasure we roll,
A new flow of spirits enlivens the soul,
Each helping the other in pleasure we roll,
And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul.
Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never will alter my maxims for them,

I care not how much, they my measures decline,
Let them have their own humour, and I will have
mine.

Wine prudently used will the senses improve,
'Tis the spring tide of life, and the fuel of love,
And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a vine.

Then come my dear charmer, thou nymph so divine,
First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with wine,
Thus giving and taking in mutual return,
The torch of our love, shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
My bumpers I'll quit, to be blest with thy love,
For rather than forfeit the joys of my lass,
My bottle I'll break and demolish my glass.

A NEW SONG,

By Mr. LOWE.

Ye subjects of Bacchus who laugh at dull thinking,
And place all your wisdom on whoring and drinking,
Pursue your delights and behold with emotion,
Your deity smiles, and approves your devotion.
Drink, drink then and laugh at the folly of life,
Forget all your sorrows, death, devil and wife,
Here's a glass to confusion, may order decline,
And every distinction be drowned in good wine.
May all things be now, as in the days of old Adam,
When the beast too got drunk, with master and madam,

May.

May pimps, bawds and bullies, like birds of a feather,
 Drink, laugh sing and play, and be happy together,
 For such as live sober, poor pitiful elves,
 May they guzzle small beer and dispute by themselves.
 Here's a glass, &c.

Our motto shall be drawer, bring the other flask,
 Our arms jolly Bacchus bestriding his cask,
 And he that shall flinch, or these orders think much on,
 May die and be d---nd, with a blot in his scutcheon,
 While each jolly Toper, with six bottles more
 Supported shall stand, till he falls on the floor.

The T H R U S H.

Sweet Thrush that treasures up the lay,
 Sweeter than Flora can appear,
 As Philomel attends the lay,
 She envies the return of day;
 The tuneful lyre and swelling flute,
 At thy rich warbling shall be mute;
 Vocal minstrel, thy soft lay,
 Treasure up and end the May.'

Hark, how the the black-bird woo's his love,
 The skill'd physician of the grove,
 On thorn as perch'd he nobly sings,
 A cadence for the ear of kings;
 Sublime and soft, gay and serene.
 A virginal to hail a queen;
 Nature's music thus improves,
 All the graces, all the loves.

The ASSEMBLY of the GODS.

By an edict from Jove all the Deities met,
 On the top of Olympus one day,
 To consult the true means that would pleasure beget,
 And the bliss strait to mortals convey,
 Convey, and the bliss strait to mortals convey..

Great Juno urg'd power and wealth as the thing,
 The surest to please human kind,
 What splendour and empire, a sceptre, a king,
 Was all that e'er fancy could find,
 Could find, was all, &c..

But sweet smiling Venus, the queen of soft love,
 Descended from Juno's high plan;
 And said she was certain, that beauty would prove,
 The gratefulest gift unto man,
 Unto man, the greatfulest, &c..

Then Pallas appear'd, with her lance and her shield,
 And beauty she said was a toy,
 That wisdom alone, could true happiness yeild,
 That wisdom alone could ne'er cloy,
 Ne'er cloy, that wisdom, &c..

Apollo said harmony only could please,
 That music the charms had alone,
 To lay ev'ry sorrow, to soften, to ease.
 Beyond beauty or wit, or a crown,
 A crown, beyond beauty, &c..

Stern Mars was for laughter, and glory he said,
 Was all that the soul could desire,

The

The shrill founding trumpet, the lawrel wreath'd head,
Was a greatness the world most admire,
Most admire, was a greatness, &c.

Next Momus appear'd with satyrical grin,
And jeering, his council address'd,
If laughing you deities deem not a sin,
I'm sure it will please them the best,
The best, I'm sure, &c.

Now reeling young Bacchus appear'd with his bowl,
And begg'd of the court this request,
To taste of his liquor and swore by his soul,
That wine would please mortals the best.
The best, that wine, &c.

The God's all consented and took a large sup,
And own'd the most pleasure in wine,
Jove gave his command so the council broke up,
And Bacchus came down with the vine,
The vine, and Bacchus &c.

In wine is compris'd ev'ry joy that we share,
'Tis a friend to wit, wisdom and love,
It heightens the fancy, it banishes care,
It's a type of the blessings above,
Blessings above, it's a type, &c.

Then circle the glass and in chorus let's join,
To Bacchus our voices we'll raise,
To Bacchus who planted the grapes on the vine,
To Bacchus is due all our praise,
Our praise, to Bacchus is due, &c.

Hail

Hail, ruddy fac'd God, our wine still protect
 And thus we'll your bounty repay,
 With heart, hand and bumper, in every respect,
 To Bacchus we'll loudly huzza,
 Huzza, to Bacchus, &c.

ANACREON on HIMSELF.

When I drain the rosy bowl,
 Joy exhilarates my soul,
 To the nine, I raise my song
 Ever fair and ever young,
 When full cups my cares expel,
 Sober council fare thee well,
 Let the winds that murmur sweep,
 All my sorrows to the deep.
 Let the winds that murmur sweep,
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
 Jolly Bacchus ever gay,
 Lead me to delightful bowers,
 Full of fragrance, full of flowers ;
 When I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine,
 Then I'll praise the rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd and serene,
 Then I'll praise, &c.

When I drink the bowl profound,
 Richest fragrance flowing round,
 And some lovely nymph detain,
 Venus then inspires the strain ;

When

When from goblets deep and wide,
 I exhaust the generous tide,
 All my soul unbends---I play,
 Gamesome with the young and gay.
 All my soul, &c.

A N E W S O N G.

This world is a stage,
 On which mankind engage,
 And each act their part in the throng,
 But all is confusion,
 Mere folly, delusion,
 And faith nothing else but a song, a song,
 And faith nothing else but a song.

The parson so grave,
 Says your soul he will save,
 And point out the right from the wrong,
 After piously preaching,
 And long-winded teaching,
 And put's off his flock with a song,
 A song, &c.

The doctor he fills,
 You with bolus and pills,
 With assurance to make you live long,
 But believe me 'tis true,
 The guinea's in view,
 And the rest is all but a song,

A song, &c.

The

The surgeon so bold,
His Lancet doth hold,
And flashes your body along,
Small wounds he enlarges,
To swell up your charges,
His art like the rest is a song

A song, &c.

The soldier he rattles,
Of seiges and battle,
And actions that he's been among,
His preferment and spirit,
Are both like his merit,
You see they are bought for a song,

A song, &c.

The master he cries,
See the clouds how they rise;
Up a-loft, my brave lads, it blows strong,
Boy make us some flip,
And I'll warrant the ship,
We'll soon reach her port is his song,

His song, &c.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles,
The lawyer he scribbles,
And moves his melrefluous tongue,
'Twixt a demurr and vexation,
He'll raise expectation,
Then sink your estate to a song,

A song, &c.

The

The merchant is bent
 On his twenty per cent,
 To him journal and ledger belong,
 Commission and charges
 His profit enlarges,
 Till his ballance may end in a song,
 A song, &c.

With powder and lace,
 And effeminate face,
 The fop behold strutting along
 Just arriv'd from his travels,
 At nothing he levels,
 But just at a dance or a song.
 A song, &c.

The gentle coquet,
 She's all in a fret,
 In the morn if her toilet be wrong,
 The whole day she will pass,
 To consult her dear glass
 And at night dies away with a song,
 A song, &c.

The furly old prude,
 She will say you are rude,
 For the the blifs tho' she secretly burn,
 But take her aside,
 You may manage her pride,
 And her virtue bring down to a song.
 A song, &c.

The

The courtier he smiles,
At the time he beguiles,
And feeds you with promises long;
He squeeze your hand
And calls you his friend,
Tho' he means nothing more than a song,
A song, &c.

Then let's be jolly
Drive hence melancholy.
Since we are good fellows among,
Taste of life as it passes,
And fill up your glasses,
And each honest blade sing a song.
A song, &c.

The RIGHT THINKER.

What a blockhead is he who's afraid to die poor,
We came into the world with our skins and no more;
For the matter is plain, who worships his pelf,
Is a thief to mankind and a dupe himself.
I'll have women and wine, I'll have horses and hounds,
And my taste in all shapes shall be rul'd by no bounds,
For the matter, &c.

'Tis a snatch of them all must afford the true joy,
In an olio of sports that never can cloy,
For the matter &c.

If a miser and rich, the whole world with you dead,
And your wife or your son pluck the praise from your head,
So the matter, &c.

Q

Let

Let me live then thro' life well-beloved at ease,
 My cash shall provide me whatever can please,
 For the matter is plain, who worships his pelf,
 Is a thief to mankind and a dupe to himself.

ENGLISH ALE.

RECITATIVE.

With myrtle leaves and ivy berries crown'd
 God of the grape, no more thy praise I chant,
 In amber's cause I tune thy gleeful note,
 Bright native beerage of Britannia's sons.

SONG.

The truths that I sing sure none can deny me,
 They are truths that must ever prevail,
 Ye poor dogs of France, we defy ye, defy ye,
 By the force of our English good ale.
 Good ale, Good ale,
 By the force of our English good ale.

The tricks ye attempt but in vain are,
 They're what we expected and stale,
 Your troops and your fleets but in vain are,
 By the force of our English good ale,
 Good ale, &c.

When Befs that great queen rul'd the nation,
 'Twas Spain's great armada did fail,
 She dealt to the Dons tribulation,
 By the force of our English good ale,
 Good ale, &c.
 Free

And thus we serve them for ever.

Tho' their loads on our necks they' entail,
There's none like our people so clever,
By the force of our English good ale.

Good ale, &c.

Free-born, we support our defender,
To our sons we hand down the detail;
Defy the dee'l, pope and pretender,
By the force of our English good ale.

Good ale, &c.

PLATO'S ADVICE.

Says Plato why should man be vain,
Since bounteous heaven has made him great,
Why looketh he with insolent disdain,
On those undeck'd with wealth or state;
Can costly robes or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair,
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health or ease the brow of care.
The scepter'd prince the burthen'd slave,
The humble and the haughty die,
The rich, the poor, the base the brave,
In dust without distinction lie,
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
That once the greatest titles wore,
Of all their glories are bereft,
And all their honours are no more.
So flies the meteor through the skies,
And spreads along the gilded train,

Q²

When

When shot, 'tis gone, its beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
 Let friendship reign whi'e here we stay,
 Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,
 When Jove he calls we must obey.

T H E S T O R M,
 Sung by Mr. D O D D.

Cease rude Boreas blust'ring railer,
 Lift ye landsmen all to me,
 Mefs-mates, hear a brother sailor,
 Sing the dangers of the sea,
 'From bounding billows, first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies,
 Hark, the boatswain hoarsly bawling---
 By topsail sheets, and haulyards stand,
 Down top gallants, quick be hawling,
 Down your stay-fails, hand boys hand.
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 The topsail sheets, now let go,
 Luff, boys luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your topsails nimbly clew.
 Now all you on down beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms.

Round

Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our minds enthrall,
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Now again the bo'sen calls,
 The top-sail yard point to the wind boys,
 See all clear to reef each course,
 Let the foresheet go, don't mind boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse,
 Fore and aft the spritsail yard get,
 Reef the mizen see all clear,
 Hand up each preventer brace set,
 Man the fore yard, cheer lads cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
 'Peal, on peal contending clash,
 On our head fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash,
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky,
 Different deaths at once surround us,
 Hark! what means that dreadful cry.

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet above deck,
 A leak beneath the chest tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck,
 Quick, the lanyards cut to pieces,
 Come my hearts be stout and bold,
 Plumb the well, the leak encreases,
 Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship, wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn,
 Alas from hence, there's no retreating,
 Alas from hence there's no return,
 Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain pumps are choaked below,
 Heaven have mercy upon us,
 For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee beam is the land boys,
 Let the guns o'er board be thrown,
 To the pump come every hand boys,
 See our mizen mast is gone,
 The leak we've found it can't pour fast,
 We've have lighten'd her a foot or more,
 Up and rigg a jury foremast,
 She rights, she rights, boys, wear of shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune saved our lives,
 Come, the can boys, let's be drinking,
 To our sweethearts and our wives,
 Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to the lips a brimmer join,
 Where's the tempest now, who feels it,
 None, our danger's drown'd in wine.

A NEW SONG.

While misers all night, still are watching their stores,
 And by day sternly drives the distress from their doors,
 While courtiers each other subvert in the state,
 And obstinate churchmen new maxims create. Cho.

C H O R U S.

We're frugally generous, nor each other wrong,
But enjoy us at night then conclude with a song.

But enjoy us, &c.

Let sharpers attempt by false arts to ensnare,
Till at length they receive their long merited fare,
Let spend-thrifts consume till too late they repent,
The loss of their riches so lavishly spent;

CHO. While with honest industriy we live the day long,
And enjoy us at night then conclude with a song,
And enjoy us, &c.

Tho' drunkards in claret such virtue profess,
They'd find it more sovereign were they to drink less,
Tho' rakes say in women is center'd our bliss,
They've reason sometimes to regret a close kiss.

CHO. Such different extremes then to us don't belong,
And yet women and wine are the life of our song,
And yet, &c.

Yet toppers and rakes wou'd ye lead happy lives,
Be moderate in drinking and chuse modest wives,
Let churchmen with chutchmen and courtiers be friend,
For on friendship all earthly enjoyment depends.

CHO. And when ye're united thus lasting and strong,
Like us you'll be jovial and end with a song,
Like us you'll, &c.

Y O U N G D O R I L A S.

Young Dorilas an artless swain,
And Daphne pride of western plain,

They

Their flocks together drove,
 Gay youth sat blooming on his face,
 She no less shone with every grace,
 Yet neither thought of love.

With equal joy each morn they meet,
 At midday seek the same retreat,
 And shelter in one grove,
 At evening haunt the self same walk,
 Together innocently talk,
 But not a word of love.

Hence mutual friendship, firmly grew,
 Till heart to heart spontaneous flew,
 Like bill to bill of dove.

Both felt the flame, which both conceal,
 Both wish the other would reveal,
 Yet neither speaks of love.

She hung with rapture o'er his sense,
 He doated on her innocence,
 Thus each did each approve,
 Each vow'd, whilst each the vow observ'd,
 The maid was true, the swain ne'er swerved,
 Then every word was love.

The C O T T A G E R.

See thou yonder gilded roof,
 You may find a shelter there,
 But from me retreat thy hoof,
 In my cot no room for care,
 In my cot no room for care.

Fortune

Fortune herein on me smiles,
 Tho' she gave me nought to spare,
 Clog me not with wife or child,
 What have I to do with care,
 What have I, &c.

At the tables of the great,
 Whilst they feed on poisonous fare,
 Simple is the food I eat,
 'Twill not suit my palate, care,
 'Twill not suit, &c.

Whith Champaign I am not curs'd,
 Health me guides to fountains fair,
 There I quench my parching thirst,
 Thus I live unknown to care,
 Thus I live, &c.

All my guests are mirth and love,
 Sports each morn leads here and there,
 I each night account with great Jove,
 On my ground not an inch for care,
 On my ground, &c.

COMICAL JACK.

Since on me you call for a song,
 I prithee make no riot,
 I'll give you one it shan't be long,
 So pray now all be quiet.
 It's of a buxom lad and lass,
 That one day went a nutting,
 Where Jack he roll'd her on the grase,
 And stopp'd her dumb glutton. At

At night at home then he would play,

With her same----what d'ye call it?

Says he, my dear, you know to day,

I gave your a---se a sallad.

And now I'm in the toying mind,

I would again be stitching,

Therefore my dear, if you'll be kind,

We'll come here in the kitchen.

No sooner said but to't they went.

On a chair both old and crasy,

He with his peg stop'd up her vent,

And rumple'd all her daizy.

Says she now dow do it as you did,

To day upon the grafs man,

When rattling came from o'er their heads,

Pots, pipkiins, dishes, saucepans,

This noise uncommon quickly brought,

Her mistress from the parlour,

Who in her infant years being taught,

Was now an ancient snarler.

Surpriz'd at seeing such a fight,

To make short of the matter,

She at them flung with all her might,

A swinging wooden platter.

Unhappy Jack in this surprize,

Clapt p----- in his breeches,

And Ma'am her coats pul'd o'er her thighs.

The por and saucepan reaches.

While

While he seem'd sorry for his crime,
 That such hard fate befell it,
 But he resolv'd another time,
 He'd give her a--e a fallad,

SUNG by Mr. B E A R D,

The sun was sleeping in the main,
 Bright Cynthia silvered all the plain,
 When Colin turned his team to rest,
 And sought the lass that he loved best,
 As tow' red her cot he jog'd along,
 Her name was frequent in his song,
 But when his errand Dolly knew,
 She vowed she had something else to do.

He swore he did esteem her more,
 Than any maid he'd seen before,
 In tender sighs protesting he,
 Wou'd constant as the turtle be,
 Talked much of death, should she refuse,
 And used such arts as lovers use,
 'Tis fine says Doll, if it's but true,
 But now, I've something else to do.

Her pride then Collin thus address'd,
 Forgive me Doll I did but jest,
 To her that's kind I'll constant prove,
 But trust me, Ill ne'er die for love,
 Tho' first she did his courtship scorn,
 Now Doll began to court in turn,
 Dear Collin, I was jesting too,
 Step in, I've nothing else to do.

A NEW SONG.

When the three beauty's upon Ida strove,
 In am'rous contest for a soldier's love;
 Venus the lovely, bore the prize you know,
 From wise Minerva and the gentle Juno,
 When Paris whispered Venus in the ear,
 You'd lost it, Ma'am; if Helen had been there.

F I N I S.



I L^o
E. L.

